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NO LESS A PERSON than John Bassett Moore, one of the foremost American authorities in international law and formerly one of the judges of the World Court, took occasion a few days ago, in an address before the Bar Association of New York City, to say some things about American policy toward Russia and Latin America that put the State Department on the defensive. According to Judge Moore, the United States "necessarily recognized the Soviet Government" when it allowed that government to adhere to the Kellogg-Briand pact, and the refusal to have diplomatic relations with it now, like the policy of meddling and frowning when events in Latin America do not go to our liking, "has indoctrinated our people," Judge Moore declared, "in the preposterous and mischievous supposition that the recognition of a government implies approval of its constitution, its economic system, its attitude toward religion, and its general course of conduct." To agree that differences shall not be settled by war, and then to deny to one of the parties the recognition which would enable them to be settled by diplomacy, is, in Judge Moore's caustic phrase, to "approach the limit of incoherence." Mr. Stimson, prodded by the newspapermen to say what he thought about it, declined to enter into any controversy with the distinguished international jurist, but "let it be known" that American policy toward Russia remained unchanged.

HIS SAD EXPERIENCE in the Judge Parker case should have warned Mr. Hoover against stooping a second time to cheap politics. Instead, he has blundered again and under the same circumstances. His appointment of Frank R. McNinch to the Federal Power Commission was plainly made to pay off a political obligation to a man who had helped swing North Carolina to the Hoover ticket in 1928. A similar debt, it may be recalled, lay behind the nomination of Judge Parker to the Supreme Court. Also, there is a serious question as to the source of the funds Mr. McNinch used to put North Carolina into the Republican column two years ago. Many persons, including Senator-elect Bailey of North Carolina, have suggested to the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee that a part of the funds came from a power company. At least, according to Bailey, "these rumors have not been denied." Before any of his other qualifications or disqualifications are even considered, Mr. McNinch must be compelled to reveal the sources of his funds. Similarly, all the other Presidential appointments should be thoroughly and assiduously investigated lest some other political favorite slip into office undetected.

SENATOR MORROW of New Jersey delivered himself the other day of certain sentiments with respect to our American merchant marine which deserve scrutiny. It will be recalled that Mr. Morrow was a member of the American delegation to the London conference for the limitation of armament. About this conference many noble words were exchanged between Mr. Hoover and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, words which had to do with the necessity of disarmament, the importance of the Kellogg peace pact, and the unpleasantness of war in general. What Mr. Morrow thought about these matters he did not directly state. But the other day he officiated at laying the keel for the first ship in our projected enlarged merchant marine, and made the following remarks:

> My experience has convinced me that the most indisputable interest the United States government has in building an adequate merchant marine is to have a secondary defense in time of war. . . . I surely would not wish to be accused of having no real interest in the cause of peace. Yet I surely think that an adequate merchant marine is an essential element in providing for our national security, just as our armed forces at sea are.

If this is not hitting the Kellogg peace pact and the cause of disarmament generally below the belt, we do not know that gesture when we see it.

THE INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMISSION in its annual report recommends repeal of the recapture clause of the Transportation Act, under which half of any earnings in excess of 6 per cent on the value of property are taken by the government and put into a contingency fund to be used for loans to weak roads. During ten years the total amount thus recaptured has been less than

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$11,000,000. The commission rightly thinks the recapture provisions logical, but open to serious practical objections, particularly in respect to the litigation to which they may give rise. Such litigation, the commission believes, may lead to the establishment of "certain principles relative to valuation and the like which will have an unfavorable reaction on many broader phases of public regulation." Just what this cryptic utterance may mean we do not know, but we do know that the attempt to give investors an assured return on railroad securities under the valuation theories apparently favored by the Supreme Court threatens industry and agriculture with a transportation tax that we do not believe they will pay. In that case the Transportation Act, a combination of irreconcilable principles, will break down of its own weight, and we shall be driven to actual government operation of the roads.

A FURTHER DIFFICULTY in the Transportation Act is illustrated by the commission's decision of December 6 ordering the Pennsylvania Company, a subsidiary of the Pennsylvania Railroad, to divest itself within six months of its 48 per cent stock ownership of the Wabash Railroad and 30 per cent stock ownership of the Lehigh Valley, an aggregate investment of more than $100,000,000. The commission was ordered by the Transportation Act to devise a plan for the consolidation of railroads in the interest of financial stability and economical and efficient service, having regard always, of course, to the sacred principle of competition. From that day to this, consolidation in trunk-line territory has been the plaything of the great Eastern lines, each of which naturally is anxious to aggrandize its own interests. The Pennsylvania has played against the New York Central, the Baltimore and Ohio, and other big roads, and its officials announce that they will fight the present divestment order all the way up to the Supreme Court if necessary. The commission, given the duty of bringing about necessary consolidations, is given the contradictory duty of maintaining competition, and finds itself unable to carry forward the work of consolidation in the face of the powerful private interests that are threatened thereby.

DOES GOLD SUPPLY determine prices? The German Institute for Conjunctural Research answers this perennial question with a qualified negative, and by inference acquits the yellow metal of responsibility for the present depression. Gold affects prices, the institute points out, only as the reserves of central banks affect their credit policy. From 1913 to 1928 currency supplies increased almost eightfold as compared with their gold foundations; the institute accordingly denies that gold supply controls credit volume in any such rigid way as the quantity theorists a generation ago were inclined to believe. It seeks the explanation of economic ups and downs in "the variegated periods of growth to which world economy is exposed." Perhaps the most important practical question facing central-bank administrators today is whether they can so use their power as to maintain relatively stable price levels in the face of varying gold production. If we must have some kind of gold standard, we certainly do not want our economic life periodically plunged into chaos by the accidents of gold production. Few theoretical questions, therefore, have greater interest than that of the relation between gold supply and prices.

CHANCELLOR BRUNING'S bold step in having the financial and tax reforms enacted into law by presidential decree has been upheld by the Reichstag. Any other course taken by the parliament would have added immeasurably to Germany's difficulties and might indeed have led to a disaster the effects of which would have been felt far beyond Germany's borders. Had the decree been disapproved President Hindenburg would have been compelled to dissolve the Reichstag once more and call new elections. The new Reichstag doubtless would have contained more extremists than the present body, in which the right and left radicals have 40 per cent of the seats. In the municipal elections that have been held since the general elections of September 14 the fascists, or Nazis, have greatly increased their strength, becoming the leading party in cities like Karlsruhe and Kehl, and increasing their vote anywhere from 100 to 1,200 per cent in other cities like Bremen, Constance, and Freiburg. That Germany's credit standing would also have been severely shaken goes without saying. Brüning's victory was, however, none too substantial. The Social Democrats supported him, for example, not because they whole-heartedly agreed with his program, but because they believed disapproval would have resulted in catastrophe for the nation.

SO LONG AS THIS SUPPORT HOLDS, the Brüning Government will remain in office on a constitutional basis, but the negative character of the support indicates the exceedingly precarious position in which the Cabinet finds itself. It is questionable whether the Government can withstand any considerable increase in political or economic pressure. That political pressure is increasing is revealed by the further swing to the fascist right in the municipal elections. More important, however, is the constantly growing economic pressure. Unemployment, to take one aspect of the grave economic problem, has almost gotten out of hand. The number of jobless held around 3,000,000 for several months, but lately has mounted to about 3,500,000, and observers believe it will reach more than 4,000,000 and possibly 5,000,000 by midwinter. Inasmuch as the unemployed are entitled to relief from the government insurance fund for only a limited time after leaving their last job, the number of persons dependent upon community relief or occasional charity is growing. As a result disorders are spreading throughout Germany, these disturbances taking on more and more the character of food riots rather than that of street fighting between rival political gangs. By putting its fiscal reforms speedily and efficiently into effect, the Government may save the day.

PREMIER TARDIEU'S FALL was not wholly a political accident as most observers have suggested. His opponents had been noticeably strengthened by adverse economic conditions. Taxes had been increased, and inasmuch as tax receipts continued to fall off there was every likelihood of still further increases being sought. Industrial activity and commerce, especially foreign trade, had entered what it now appears may become a major slump. The number of unemployed, though still very small, had multiplied fourfold in November. Added to this was the financial disaster that had overtaken the Oustric group of industries, which left in its wake a scandal involving two members of the Tardieu Cabinet because of their former association

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with M. Oustric. These are some of the problems with which the new Cabinet will have to contend. As usual, because of the multiplicity of French parliamentary parties, numerous difficulties have been encountered in attempting to form a new Cabinet. The republican blocs have a majority, but the right and left wings of this majority are widely separated on many important political questions, and in the past have been brought together only by some outstanding personality like Poincaré or by clever political tactics of a kind that thus far have been lacking in the present crisis. In any event it is almost certain the next government will be strikingly similar to that of Tardieu's, differing only as it inclines somewhat more to the right or to the left. Hence the government's domestic policies will be changed but little and its foreign policies perhaps not at all.

WHILE THE ROUND TABLE CONFERENCE has drawn its full share of publicity in our daily press, the news from India has dwindled to a few lines on scattered days. But those lines are significant. On December 1 the editor and the publisher of the Bombay *Chronicle*, one of the most important Nationalist newspapers, were sentenced to five months' imprisonment because the paper mentioned in a news item the Bombay Congress Committee, which, like all Congress organizations throughout India, had beeen declared unlawful. The Indian newspapers fill out the story in page after page of items reciting the never-ending tale of arrest, imprisonment, new ordinances, and lathi blows by which Great Britain hopes once more to subdue India. And now H. N. Brailsford, whose word as an eyewitness will hardly be doubted, confirms in an impressive article in the *New Republic* the most brutal tales the Indian papers have told, and at the same time testifies to the remarkable extent of non-violence. He confirms also the determination which runs through the Indian accounts like a band of steel. When one white-capped volunteer disappears into hospital or jail—there are 60,000 in jail—another takes his place. Meanwhile the Round Table Conference has become shrouded in rumors of intrigue, dissension, and compromise. Its outcome no one can foretell—but in India, where the real struggle is taking place, the outcome of the conference will mean nothing unless it means self-government.

GOVERNOR BILBO'S RAID of last June upon the educational institutions of Mississippi has had wider results than the worthy Governor dreamed. It will be remembered that he summarily dismissed more than one hundred members of the faculties in order to make room for new appointees politically pleasing to him. As a result the American Medical Association last summer took action toward preventing graduates of the Mississippi Medical School from practicing in other States, and the American Chemical Association warned its members against accepting positions in the Mississippi institutions until present conditions are corrected. At the end of October the American Association of Universities removed the University of Mississippi from its approved list, because of the insecurity of faculty tenure. In consequence the diploma of that institution will no longer admit its graduates to study elsewhere. Finally, on December 4 the Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools of the Southern States suspended the four Mississippi State institutions from membership. We rejoice in the action taken by these organizations, though we regret the undeserved penalty thus visited on the Mississippi colleges and graduates. Possibly such action may stir the people of Mississippi to further effectual protest and thus lead the Governor to adopt a civilized educational policy.

AS UNSEEMLY A ROW as has been seen in New York City in a long time took place in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, when the Bishop of New York called certain of his colleagues and former Judge Ben B. Lindsey of Colorado names, and Mr. Lindsey replied by shouting defiance to the Bishop in the very shadow of the pulpit. The resulting fracas, in which Mr. Lindsey was dragged out by policemen to cries from the congregation of "He ought to be lynched," was a not surprising end to the whole sorry scene. This is not to say that the Bishop's sermon was not provoking. It was ill-timed and unjust. Bishop Manning complained of alleged "persecution" by a little group of clergymen in the diocese and by "a religious journal, miscalled liberal, published in this city." He described Mr. Lindsey's book on companionate marriage as "one of the most filthy, insidious, and cleverly written pieces of propaganda ever published in behalf of lewdness, promiscuity, adultery, and unrestrained sexual gratification." Besides being misrepresentation of the grossest sort, this is hardly the language that a Christian minister might be expected to use in the house of God. But instead of allowing the Bishop's bad temper, bad taste, and bad judgment to speak for themselves, Mr. Lindsey hurt his cause by his own ill-timed response. He would have done better to await the ample exoneration which time would speedily have afforded him. Meantime he has been charged with disorderly conduct, the Bishop has been subpoenaed as a witness, and the original controversy—whether or not it was proper for Mr. Lindsey to lecture to the New York Churchmen's Association on companionate marriage—is not settled.

A CORRESPONDENCE which is described as consisting of "love letters" between Bernard Shaw and Ellen Terry, to be published shortly by the Fountain Press, is the literary news of the season. The letters cover a period of thirty years, during which the writers met only once, although of course the actress was seen many times from the pit by her admirer and dramatic critic, Mr. Shaw. For years Shaw tried to persuade Sir Henry Irving to permit Dame Ellen to appear in one of his plays. Not until after Irving's death in 1905 was the matter arranged. Then, with Dame Ellen scheduled to appear in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," the fateful meeting at last took place, and Dame Ellen found herself almost immediately captivated—by James Carew, a member of the company, whom she married! Quotations from the letters are not at present obtainable, but they are described by Elbridge L. Adams, of the Fountain Press, as not only beautifully phrased and full of brilliant wit, but abounding in tender epithets and avowals of devotion from each to the other. Mr. Shaw, who for so many years has discussed love as if it were a clinical matter which a sane man need not take too seriously, is thus about to be disclosed as a lover, although in a strictly Platonic love affair.

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Politics and the Power Issue

THE power issue will not down. The political handymen of the power group and its friends in high places, from the President down, would like to quiet it. They cannot. The fight goes on without interruption, now here, now there, now all along the line. In our issue of November 19 we called attention to the sensational success in the elections of November 4 of those candidates who opposed private exploitation of power resources and power-company domination of public life. President Hoover's Federal Power Commission (Secretaries Wilbur, Hurley, and Hyde), under the guidance of Executive Secretary Bonner, appointed by Mr. Wilbur with the approval of his friend Paul Downing, of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, proved so complaisant to power-company contentions that Congress legislated it out of existence by providing for a new full-time commission of five members. The President counters by naming five men—one of whom is already facing progressive opposition. Meanwhile Senator Couzens's bill is still pending, providing further drastic reorganization of the commission to give it jurisdiction over all interstate power and communications companies, including holding companies. The bill is full of dynamite. The Federal Trade Commission continues its devastating investigation of power and utility finance, and no one is able to stay its hand. The companies, meantime, having secured from the Attorney General a convenient opinion questioning the constitutionality of the Federal Power Act, are now taking action in the Clarion River and Appalachian Power Company cases to free themselves from practically all effective federal regulation. The Hoover Administration loses no opportunity of giving the power interests wider liberty of action. The President, avowed foe of public operation, seems determined to drive the country willy-nilly to that policy by aiding the companies in their successful efforts to make regulation of private operation ineffective. Small wonder that, in spite of unemployment and prohibition, power forced itself to the front at the elections; small wonder that it is an issue of the first order in both houses of Congress today.

The legislative center of the fight is Muscle Shoals; the heart of the Muscle Shoals issue is government operation. The solid knowledge, determination, and honesty of Senator Norris carried his bill for government operation through to victory in both houses in 1928, only to have it killed by President Coolidge's pocket veto. Again he drove it through the Senate last spring, to have it blocked by President Hoover's regulars in the House. Despite the scandal of Claudius Huston and the power-trust lobby, the House obediently passed a substitute providing for leasing to private interests, and the President gave his blessing on June 12 last by announcing that under no circumstances would he approve the Senate bill. Congress adjourned with the measure in conference. The President made the issue clear in the election by indorsing, alone of all the candidates who were seeking office, Representative Carroll Reece of Tennessee, who had played a leading part in substituting the House measure for the Norris bill—and Mr. Reece was disastrously defeated. Similar results all over the country brought Congress back to Washington in a chastened frame of mind, and some of the regulars hastened to announce their support of the Norris resolution.

Here the matter stands today. The House conferees, piloted by the President's friend, Reece the Rejected, are trying to rig up some agreement by which Muscle Shoals can be leased to private interests, while the representatives of the Senate refuse any terms except government operation. In the smooth words of Mr. Reece, the House conferees are willing to amend their bill "in a manner that will embody and attain all the objects of the Senate bill without putting the federal government into the power-distribution business as a doubtful experiment at Muscle Shoals." In other words, the President's pretorian guard in the House will yield everything but the one thing essential. There is no possibility of compromise. One side or the other must surrender, and there is every indication that the Senate will not accept anything but government operation. If the President, then, really wants the Muscle Shoals plant to go into operation, his only way of accomplishing it seems to be to release his followers and let them agree with the Senate as they once did before. It is doubtful whether even a lame-duck House, freed from threat of the Administration whiplash, would dare reject the Norris bill in view of the unmistakable election results.

If the President and his supporters, in defiance of what may reasonably be interpreted as a popular mandate, persist in their determination that the Muscle Shoals plant shall not be operated except under private management, let them frankly accept the responsibility. If the legislative deadlock is prolonged and an extra session is necessitated, let the people realize that it was caused, not by Progressive recalcitrance, but by a Presidential filibuster against the will of Congress on a fundamental question of public policy. The private power interests are carrying on a desperate fight to prevent our making a great experiment in public operation. If private management is as superior to public as they profess to believe, why are they so anxious to prevent this experiment, which would quickly enough demonstrate the truth of their contention? The fact is that they fear, not its failure, but its success. They are afraid of the Muscle Shoals yardstick and the measurement it would afford of the merits and demerits of private exploitation. Let the President go on fighting their battles if he will. Let him force an extraordinary session of Congress if he so desires. Let him throw the power issue, in this fundamental form of private versus public operation, into the campaign of 1932 if he dares. The Progressive advocates of public operation can afford to meet him in honest and open combat, relying confidently on the outcome, if only the facts can be fairly set forth before the people. What they cannot do is to compromise in the major battle now raging over Muscle Shoals. Far better to go down if necessary to another temporary defeat, fighting for a correct principle, than to enjoy a so-called victory based on compromise and the surrender of all they have fought for so long.

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Sir Oswald's Britain

THE revolutionary proposals which Sir Oswald Mosley, backed by sixteen other members of the House of Commons, has brought forward for the cure of Great Britain's political and economic ills are well calculated to shake British complacence on the one hand and intensify dissatisfaction with present conditions on the other. Barring some rather obvious vagueness of statement and a not too great consistency in the various parts of the program, the pronouncement has at least the merit of attacking the governmental system of Great Britain at its foundations, and of envisaging an economic arrangement about as different from that which now exists as black is from white. To this extent, at least, Sir Oswald is to be commended for his courage, and if he wants a widespread discussion of the merits of his plan he has probably taken the most direct route to that end.

What kind of Britain do Sir Oswald and his associates desire to see? The core of the proposal, around which all the rest of the program turns, is the temporary suspension of parliamentary government and the substitution of an emergency Cabinet of five members "invested with power to carry through the emergency policy." Great Britain, in other words, is to pass under a dictatorship. The ostensible reason for the change is the alleged refusal of Parliament for ten years to face the facts of an economic situation which Sir Oswald and his colleagues are convinced should be changed. The manifesto is silent as to how the transition from parliamentary government to the dictatorship of the five is to be effected, but since the statement nowhere hints at action commonly regarded as revolutionary, we may perhaps assume that a self-denying ordinance by which the present Cabinet and Parliament would abnegate their functions for the time being and designate their temporary successors to carry out the plan is the process that the innovators have in mind.

Upon this emergency Cabinet of five the Mosley plan proposes to devolve the execution of a colossal task of economic reorganization which shall "adjust the balance of British production to the new conditions now prevailing in the world." To this end the resources of the state "should be mobilized to assist in the development of new industries and to secure modernization and reequipment of industry, especially in the sphere of coal, oil, electricity, and transport." The home market, Sir Oswald declares, "must be the future basis of British trade," and since the home market depends upon "the high purchasing power of the people, which in turn depends on high wages," both wages and working conditions must be protected against such evils as "price fluctuations, organized dumping, and the competition of sweated labor." The needs of agriculture are to be met by the creation of an import control board for foodstuffs and raw materials, through which the agriculturist will be guaranteed "a stable and economic price for his basic products" while the consumer will be guaranteed "that prices shall not rise." Until this can be done, Sir Oswald suggests an ad interim scheme of commodity boards, made up of producers and consumers of a given commodity and exercising their control of imports either through a license system or by a tariff. Beyond aiding the home market, the plan contemplates the systematic development of foreign markets, not only by means of trade agreements with foreign countries, but also, and especially, through a wise expansion of trade within the Empire. The plan further calls for "direct action" on the problems of slum clearance and working-class housing, and the establishment of a financial policy which shall cease to benefit bond-holders at the expense of industry. Any budget surplus derived from duties "after the present serious financial situation has been met" should be devoted to paying interest on loans for constructive work, removing burdens on food and "prime necessities" of the working class, and reducing taxes on "the hard-earned incomes of skilled technical managerial workers."

The Mosley program is likely, we think, to be greeted with some enthusiasm by those radicals, especially numerous among young men and women, who have lost faith in the virtues of parliamentary government and are not unkindly disposed toward a political dictatorship. It may very well appeal also to those who doubt the ability of capitalism, privately controlled and operating on competitive lines, to remedy the industrial and commercial ills from which the whole world is suffering. As an economic program for Great Britain, on the other hand, what the Mosley groups appear to have in mind seems to be nothing less than a comprehensive and virtually complete government control of industry and trade, with protective duties as the main device for enabling the nation to hold its ground and eventually forge ahead. About all that can be said at this stage is that if political dictatorship and a tariff wall offer to Britain the only way of salvation, the plight of that honored citadel of popular government and free trade must be grave indeed.

California in Disgrace

"HOLMES and Brandeis dissenting" has long been a familiar phrase in reports of United States Supreme Court decisions, but never in his most outspoken moments has either of those champions of law and common sense administered such a lashing to his colleagues as Justice William H. Langdon, of the California Supreme Court, lays on in his dissenting opinion in the recent decision of that court in the Billings pardon case. As an example of legal rejoinder, Justice Langdon's opinion will commend itself to everyone whose mind is not closed by ignorance, prejudice, or fear, while as an exhibition of personal courage it entitles Justice Langdon to a place on any honor roll of men who have deserved well of the country for their service in a great cause.

The six justices who formed the majority of the court refused, it will be remembered, to recommend a pardon for Billings on the ground that Billings had neither made out a case for executive clemency nor materially changed the status of his case since the court had passed upon it. In the view of the majority, the presumption of innocence which in theory attaches to an accused person could not be recognized in this instance, since the hearing which the court gave did not constitute a new trial. Billings, it was affirmed, had been constitutionally and fairly tried, and it was necessary for him at this time to show that he was innocent.

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Justice Langdon tore this extraordinary ruling limb from limb. "The requirement of the majority," he declared, "that the petitioner prove his innocence is unreasonable and unwarranted. A perfectly innocent person may be unable to prove an alibi. And it is preposterous to demand of the accused that he place his finger upon the real culprit in order to exculpate himself. Although Billings has presented an alibi, it is unnecessary. When the chain of proof is destroyed he needs none."

And what of "the chain of proof" that satisfied the six jurists learned in the law? "Considered either as an argument of an advocate or as a judicial review of the evidence," Justice Langdon pointed out, "the consolidated majority report is unsound and indefensible. It is unsound because its conclusions are not founded upon established facts. Suspicions, conjectures, unwarranted inferences, irreconcilable inconsistencies, and admitted perjuries are treated as facts. It is indefensible because it appeals to passion and prejudice. One-fourth of the report is devoted to anarchistic propaganda and the bad character of the petitioner. The trial court properly held that these matters were not admissible. It is manifestly improper to inject them into this inquiry." Admitting, as the accused himself has admitted, that Billings was "a most undesirable citizen," his character does not release the court from the obligation to insure for him a fair trial and to "determine, uninfluenced by passion or prejudice," whether he "has been proved guilty of the crime with which he is charged." "I do not know," Justice Langdon continued, "whether Billings is guilty or innocent of the crime. I do know that there has been a failure of proof to such an extent that there is now not even the semblance of a case against him. Upon the record now before us a recommendation for executive clemency cannot justly be withheld."

For the moment, unhappily, this devastating rebuke must remain without effect. The law of California denies to a person who, like Billings, has twice been convicted of a felony the right to appeal directly to the Governor for a pardon. A pardon can be granted only upon the recommendation of the Supreme Court, which in such circumstances acts as a kind of advisory pardon board, and it is this recommendation that the court, after a grossly biased review of the case, has refused to make. The only hope, apparently, lies in the possibility that James Rolph, Jr., who succeeds C. C. Young as Governor in January, and who presumably will not be legally bound by the acts of his predecessor, may be disposed to reopen the case, and in the further possibility that the legislature, out of regard for the good name of the State, may change the law. The latter redress, considering the political influences which dominate public opinion in California and the bitter hostility there to radicalism in every form, is probably not to be counted upon with much confidence. Meantime the courageous words of Justice Langdon stand as a damning indictment of the administration of law in California. From this time on, unless the decision of the court is reversed, any person to whose offense a political stigma can be attached must expect to be adjudged guilty before he is tried, and required to prove his innocence if, having been convicted upon testimony shot through with prejudice and lies, he has the temerity to apply for a pardon. If even the elements of justice are to be preserved, there could be no stronger argument than has here been offered for the popular recall of judges in California.

Design Piracy

THE Vestal bill for the protection of original design is one of the important minor measures which will come up before the Senate during the present short session of Congress. It is minor because it directly concerns only a relatively small class of the population—the creators and the manufacturers of original designs used in commercial art; it is important because it not only affords to these persons protection for their work and their merchandise, but will prevent the public from being exploited by manufacturers who offer them a pirated design made up in an inferior article, often for nearly the same price.

It will come as a surprise to many persons to be told that an artist is not protected by the same sort of copyright laws which conserve the rights of an author. Under the present law designs to be used for commercial purposes may not be copyrighted, but can be protected only under the patent laws. To obtain a patent is a long-drawn-out and expensive process. Commercial art is largely seasonal. By the time a patent can be obtained for a silk pattern, for example, not only can a pirating manufacturer steal the design and sell it many times over, but the mode may have passed on to other and newer designs. The revenue which an artist can expect from an original design is derived only in part from initial payment for the use of the design itself; exactly as in the case of the author, royalties from sales make up the bulk of the expected financial return. And if the design is stolen and used for an inferior grade of merchandise, the sale of the original naturally suffers.

It would seem to be obvious that the artist is entitled to protection for the fruits of his labors, and the honest manufacturer to the just proceeds from his sales. But although the Vestal bill has successfully passed the House of Representatives, it was only in the face of determined opposition, which is now concentrated on the Senate. At present the opposition has narrowed down to that of the National Retail Dry Goods Association, which objects to the bill on the ground that it would cause, in the process of protecting the artist by recourse to the courts if necessary, endless controversy and litigation, not only, to quote Mr. Channing F. Sweitzer, managing director of the association, "between manufacturers and retailers, but among manufacturers themselves." The fact is that the Dry Goods Association, which in the last analysis means the large department stores, is amply protected by the provisions of the bill. Under the bill department stores have no liability for selling an article containing a design until the court has stated that the design has been pirated. Thereafter, a department store may sell such articles containing the design as it may have in stock, but may not purchase additional articles without liability. This would seem to offer justice to all parties concerned.

The public, which is the more or less helpless and ignorant receiver of inferior and stolen goods, and which can only benefit by articles honestly designed and honestly offered for sale, need not stand by and watch this battle between manufacturers and artists on the one side and retailers on the other without lending a hand. It is necessary only to exert the pressure of public opinion on the members of the Senate to send the Vestal bill through.

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Washington Wonderland

BY PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, December 6

WONDERLAND did a lot for Alice, but unless she was in Washington to study events attending the opening of the last session of the Seventy-first Congress her education is hardly complete. She could have seen the Honorable Jim Watson, the Honorable Charlie McNary, and the Honorable George Moses, supposed leaders of the Republican Party in the Senate, repairing to the office of Vice-President Curtis to curse a Republican President in terms that neither she, I, nor Charles G. Dawes would repeat, while simultaneously the Honorable Joe Robinson, supposed leader of the Democratic "opposition," arrived at the White House to discuss plans for expediting the Administration program. She could have witnessed the seating of Jim Davis, nominated on a ticket whose campaign expenditures were between $650,000 and $1,000,000, by the votes of the same Senators who declared that an expenditure of $196,000 in behalf of the Newberry ticket constituted a danger to free government. She could have seen an era of "harmony" inaugurated with a series of acts which tend to split both parties wide open, and she might have observed that the only group which appeared to have any constructive program or any definite plan for achieving it consisted of the "destructive" and "insurgent" element of Congress, those terrible Progressives. The like of this was never witnessed in Wonderland; even Washington is hard pressed to make sense of it.

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BACK in the dark days when the depredations of the Ohio gang were coming to light; when the Old Guard exhibited every symptom of panic, and even the calm Calvin cowered in the White House in a fever of fear, Senator Moses remarked: "No matter how bad we may look, we can always trust the Democrats to look worse before election day." In the present instance that forecast is being fulfilled with startling promptness. No sooner had the polls closed on an election which produced a stunning repudiation of Republican policies than Democratic leaders started up with the announcement that they could be trusted not to prevent those policies from being carried out. Davis's brazen insistence that he be seated immediately afforded them the first opportunity to live up to that incredible pledge. Confronted with evidence that the "Kingfish" had been the beneficiary of a primary-campaign fund amounting to more than $629,000, and entreated by the investigating committee for time in which to unearth further contributions, they proceeded with indecent haste to admit him where they had barred Vare and Smith. It is to the credit of the Nye committee that, betrayed by its colleagues and deluged with abuse by ignorant or mendacious editors, it has gone ahead with the Pennsylvania investigation, and already has brought up to $641,000 the total known to have been spent in behalf of the Davis-Brown ticket in the latest "golden primary." Nevertheless, the divided Democratic vote on the Davis motion is ominous of a growing discontent with the Robinson-Hoover coalition. Such party hacks as Pat Harrison and Claude Swanson may be content to be "led" in this fashion, but men like Black of Alabama, Barkley of Kentucky, Wheeler of Montana, Glass of Virginia, and others will not. It is also my guess that the neat little scheme recently hatched to ditch Governor Roosevelt in favor of Owen D. Young as New York's choice for the Presidential nomination will come to grief. Naturally, all loyal Hooverites will pray incessantly for its success. It would save them infinite misery. As the one man who impersonates perfectly both the power trust and the radio trust, Mr. Young is the one man whom Mr. Hoover certainly can beat. The conduct of some Democratic leaders recently has been that of men who are vastly more interested in the stock market than in any political party.

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ALTHOUGH the Great Sufferer may properly take comfort from the antics of his adversaries, it is high time he took alarm over the conduct of his pet Cabinet member, the Secretary of the Interior. Dr. Wilbur has just made the bland announcement that federal control over water-power sites should be confined to an interest in navigation. This merely means that the Secretary proposes to abdicate all powers of federal regulation of the rates and financial structure of power companies, and destroy the fruits of twenty-five years of conservation work, by the simple device of nullifying the principal provisions of the Federal Water Power Act—one of the most important legislative achievements of the past ten years. The professor must be naive, indeed, if he hopes to get away with that. True, he has been fairly successful in the past. His innocent proposal to ignore the law in apportioning Boulder Dam power to the private companies which had fought the project from start to finish got him nothing worse than a sharp rap on the knuckles, and his furtive essay at intrusting a test case—that of the Clarion River Power Company—to a minor subordinate of an official who had already pronounced the law unconstitutional was abandoned almost as soon as it was exposed. But if he thinks he can calmly set out to junk the whole act without getting into all kinds of trouble, he has a lesson coming. In fact, he has a lesson coming anyway, and he is likely to get it soon. A few sound bruises often supply the lack of a sense of shame.

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FROM this morass of futility, fright, favoritism, and political trickiness, one fact emerges with all the substance and reality of the Washington monument in a fog: there is one group composed of men of character and purpose who have a genuinely constructive program and a brave and resourceful leader. On this point I dissent sharply from the judgment expressed in *The Nation* of December 3 that the Progressives have neither a program nor a leader. The leader is Senator Norris, but the group is not limited to Progressive Republicans. It includes such independent Democrats as Wagner of New York, Black, Glass, Barkley, the two Walshes, and a substantial number of others. The program includes the bill for government operation of Muscle

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Shoals, the amendment abolishing lame-duck sessions, the Norris-Walsh-Blaine anti-injunction bill, and the Wagner measures for unemployment relief. The sponsors and supporters of these bills will not be intimidated. If a special session is necessary to secure votes on these measures, they will take the responsibility for one—although the responsibility would properly belong on the Administration which has so long blocked action on them. Just now the Old Guard leaders are falling all over themselves in an effort to be conciliatory and "fair." In the case of the redoubtable Longworth, Tilson, and Snell, such humility is pathetic if it is real. The sight of a hard-boiled sinner blurting out his sins at the mourners' bench and promising to be good always impressed me as being somewhat obscene, provided it seemed sincere. But whether the tears are salt or crocodile is not likely to matter. Uncle George and his collaborators know exactly what they want and how to go about getting it. Barring Democratic betrayal on a scale which is not indicated even by events of the last week, much valuable legislation will be enacted at the short session or the newly elected Congress will move in soon after March 4.

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MEANTIME, a number of prolific investigations are scheduled. Although the voters of Illinois performed a neat operation on Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick and her private detectives November 4, the Nye committee is not through with her. When it resumes, it would be wholly warranted in exposing the scandalous newspaper tactics which constituted an important part of the plot to "gang" the committee when it was in Chicago. These tactics were carried over into Nebraska, to the extent of suppressing vital facts disclosed about the conspiracy to eliminate Senator Norris by paying a grocer boy of the same name to run against him. Incidentally, that little affair will occupy further attention. Already it is known that a substantial part of the cost was borne by a power magnate and by a member of Mr. Hoover's Farm Board, but the committee has information leading it still nearer the White House. It is perfectly apparent that the urge to "get Norris" came principally from the Hoover Administration and the Electric Bond and Share Company. By the time this is published, it is possible that a resolution will have been offered in the Senate authorizing an investigation of Ralph Kelley's charges of favoritism, maladministration, and fraud in connection with the shale-oil lands. On the face of the matter as it stands now, two circumstances seem rather significant: (1) that President Hoover and Secretary Wilbur went to extremes of vehemence in denying "charges" which Kelley had not made, and which were not even intimated in his published articles; (2) that they passed over lightly or avoided entirely the very direct and circumstantial charges which he did make. If Walsh of Montana can be induced to take up this inquiry, we shall know the truth. The Blaine committee is loaded with dynamite on the post-office lease investigation and will set off some of it soon. Altogether, it looks like a gay winter season, with a lively possibility that the gaiety will not end March 4.

Fascism Bankrupt

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

MUSSOLINI has grown distinctly less belligerent. The Fascists of Italy are no longer so confident as they were in the days of 1925, when their apparent chances of success were at a peak; they have even lost much of the boldness that distinguished them a bare six months ago. Fascist discipline may remain, or at least Italian submission to this discipline, but here and there this too has begun to crumble. Bread riots lately reported from the industrial section of the country are a symptom of the welling opposition. In Turin signs have appeared upon the walls of houses and factories demanding: "Bread for our children, or the head of Mussolini!" Mussolini may suppress the workingmen who dared post these signs, but he cannot suppress the thought that they express.

Il Duce is not unaware of the plight of his countrymen. He may be blind to his own shortcomings and to the failure of fascism; he may attempt to shift the responsibility for the unrest in Italy, but he does know that his people are unhappy and that many of them are suffering. Unemployment in Italy is increasing at a dangerous rate; trade, both foreign and domestic, is stagnant; wages are being forced down to the starvation-point; business men and industrialists are in growing numbers engaging in sabotage against the efforts of the dictatorship to subordinate them to the success of the Fascist system; and, lastly, a number of disastrous financial failures (the Società delle Bonifiche Ferrarisi affair and the bankruptcy of Signor Gualino, the rayon king of Italy, are prominent examples) have recently shaken the Italian economic edifice to its anything but stable foundations. Mussolini is alive to all this. He confessed as much in a most remarkable speech, delivered before the National Council of Corporations on October 1 last, in which he assumed the role of apologist and special pleader rather than that of Caesar triumphant. In part he said:

> The situation has grown considerably worse throughout the world, including Italy. We are still under the repercussion of the American crisis. Italy's economic uncertainty was first revealed by the increasing number of unmet bills, then by an increasing number of failures and bankruptcies, the growth of unemployment, and a decrease in the state income. The state is doing its utmost to help deserving bona fide business concerns, but it cannot answer all S.O.S. appeals. Dishonest business men, bogus financiers with fictitious balance sheets who are ruining countless families, deserve not imprisonment but the death penalty.
>
> The state's action is twofold—positive and negative. It helps and it punishes, but it cannot perform miracles. Not even Mr. Hoover, the most powerful man in the world in the richest country in the world, has succeeded in putting his house in order.

Mussolini has endeavored in various ways to stem the multiplying difficulties. He has sought to increase the effectiveness of Fascist discipline by replacing the milder Augusto

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Turati with the much sterner Giovanni Giuriati as secretary general of the Fascist Party, by organizing a secret police along the lines of the Russian G. P. U., and by imprisoning numerous former government officials, liberal leaders, and intellectuals suspected of being unfriendly to the Fascist regime. He has reduced state salaries, including those of army officers (a dangerous move for a dictator), and he has compelled private industries similarly to reduce their pay rolls. He has authorized the adoption of a new commercial code providing extreme penalties for business men, bankers, and others who conduct their affairs or publish statements or statistics concerning their businesses in any way that Mussolini may deem detrimental to the larger economic interests of Italy. He has, finally, combed the money markets of the world for financial help to bolster up the now sagging system upon which he tried so vainglriously to erect a new Italy, but the international bankers have turned the other way when Mussolini's agents have come begging.

Having demonstrated his inability to regulate the operation of economic laws through dictatorial decrees, though he is not yet prepared to admit this, Mussolini has maneuvered himself into the hands of the world's bankers, and also, curiously enough, into the hands of the United States government. The power now lies with them to break this man. That they have this power is obvious. That they also have the power to guarantee ultimate success for the Fascist experiment cannot be admitted. Nor can it be said that foreign financial assistance at this time will do much more than postpone the inevitable internal collapse in Italy. That country has always been a poor investment. Before the war the world's bankers refused to lend it money because they considered its economic structure unstable. Only one foreign loan was granted up to 1915, and Italy experienced great difficulty in meeting the charges on this loan, even though it resorted to legislative jugglery to reduce the interest rate from 5 to 4 per cent. During the war the Allied and American bankers, principally the latter, were compelled to lend huge sums to Italy in the interest of an Allied military victory.

Following the armistice the stream of foreign loans into Italy was continued, not because financial opinion as to the country's basic stability had changed, for it had not, but because of the supposition, fallacious in fact though widely held, that a bad investment can somehow be made good merely by sinking more money in it. Then came Mussolini with his ambitious goals and his sweeping but unsubstantiated claims to progress, which enhanced many times the appeal of the sales arguments used in unloading Italian bonds upon the investing public of the United States and other countries. The bankers did not let their adverse opinion of Italy interfere with their eagerness to take advantage of the ready market thus provided. Lately, however, the stream has stopped. Foreigners, particularly Americans, are no longer buying Italian bonds. Unfortunately for fascism the golden flow has ceased just at the time when Italy stands most desperately in need of financial aid.

This situation must be corrected or fascism falls. Thus reasons Mussolini, and quite justifiably. He has sent Count Volpi, former Finance Minister, to this country to persuade American bankers and the government in Washington that Italy must be saved at any cost. If Volpi hoped to find sympathy here, or expected to have his pleas dealt with on a purely financial basis, he has been disappointed. He has found that the United States is willing to discuss the Italian problem only in the light of European politics. Doubtless Volpi was forewarned. It had already been suggested indirectly and most discreetly to Foreign Minister Grandi in Rome that assistance would be forthcoming only on the basis of a political arrangement. This suggestion came first from France. It was followed by the visits paid to Paris and Rome by Mr. Gibson, American Ambassador to Belgium. It is not yet known, of course, whether a credit to Italy was discussed or even mentioned at the State Department conference at which Gibson's mission to France and Italy was considered. Nevertheless, it would be childish to believe that Mr. Gibson hoped to achieve success in Rome merely through judicious use of his gracious manners and clever tongue. Even Bismarck, perhaps the greatest of all diplomatists, never entertained such an extreme and unreliable hope. Gibson undoubtedly went to Rome armed with something substantial in the way of a *quid pro quo*. According to several New York banking officials, a plan had been worked out whereby a leading American financial house was to make available to the French government a credit somewhere in the neighborhood of $500,000,000. France, in return for Italian concessions on the naval question, was to transfer this credit to Italy, at the same time concealing its source. That the scheme failed was due to Mussolini's belief at the time that any sacrifice of the prestige of the Fascist regime, such as would surely have followed his surrender in the naval dispute, was more immediately dangerous to him than was the internal economic situation.

Thereafter Mussolini arrested the attention of Europe, perhaps deliberately, by beginning an open flirtation with Moscow. He also redoubled his efforts toward the formation of a union of the disgruntled Powers of Europe. He hoped to ease the economic strain by bargaining with Russia for the purchase at low prices of the raw materials Italy so urgently needs, and he thought he might deal with France politically by opposing a counter-bloc to the French group of allies. France stood in a fair way not only of being outmaneuvered politically, but also of losing the financial club with which it hoped to subdue Italy. From an attempt to coerce Rome on the naval question by use of this financial weapon it was but a step to a new effort to frighten Italy away from Russia and from the proposed counter-alliance as well.

But success depended and still depends upon American cooperation; if the New York money market, which has financed Italy these last fifteen years, can be closed to the Fascists, France can take care of the financial centers of Europe through her great gold stores. There was talk of a "gold entente" between France and the United States for the avowed purpose of shutting off loans to Italy, and although this report met with the customary denial from Washington, the possibility that it exists remains. It seems unbelievable that the United States government should have had a hand in this latest development. Yet the Gibson adventure was undeniably a long step in that direction. If the United States felt free to intervene in a European domestic question in the interest of the London naval treaty, why should it not also be free to interfere in other European matters in the interest of world peace? The whole situation

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suggests that there has been a radical, not to say perilous, departure in American foreign policy, that the Gibson trip established a precedent for American intermeddling in Europe of the most dangerous sort.

This is what Count Volpi has found in the United States. He has his own political weapons, which ultimately may prove the more formidable. He can warn and he may already have warned New York bankers and Washington officials that Italy is on the verge of an economic collapse which can only have the most disastrous repercussions throughout the world, but which immediate and generous financial aid might avert. A collapse would most likely mean revolution in Italy, and faced with such a contingency Mussolini might be expected to prefer a foreign war rather than take a chance on losing his head in an uprising of the Italian people.

Whoever first conceived of the idea of using Italy's financial difficulties as a means of settling some of Europe's political disputes, there can be no question that this device has only temporary value. Italy is so poorly constituted economically that its chances of attaining industrial or commercial prosperity are slight, if not indeed non-existent. Italy has always had an adverse balance of trade, due primarily to her lack of fuel and essential raw materials. She has never been able to build up a favorable balance of credit or exchange abroad with which to pay her current bills or meet her foreign obligations (of which the Italian debt of $2,022,000,000 to the United States government is the largest item). She has had to pay high prices for her raw materials when the world as a whole has been prosperous, thereby reducing to a minimum her possible margin of profit as compared with the profits of other countries which need not go abroad for their raw materials, and in times of world depression her products bring very poor prices in the international market, so that again her margin of profit is reduced.

It is true, of course, that during past years the adverse trade balance has been partly offset by shipping fees, emigrants' remittances, and other such invisible items, but shipping companies today are not prospering, while the funds sent home by Italians abroad have been sharply reduced, partly because of the world-wide depression, partly because of the disturbances in South America, where many Italians have gone to live, and partly because the American immigration laws have decreased the number of first-generation Italian emigrants in this country (it being a notorious fact that second-generation emigrants do not send money to the land of their forefathers). Among these invisible items, only tourist expenditures have been increased on the whole in the past few years, but recently even these have fallen off because of the world slump. Mussolini may point with pride to the punctuality of Italian railroad trains under Fascist administration, to the efficiency of the dock workers in Naples, to the progress of the electrification program (which has been made possible mostly by American investors), and to the reclamation of great stretches of swamp land; but none of these things has served to reduce Italy's chronically unfavorable trade balance, to provide her with her own sources of raw materials, or materially to decrease her dependence upon foreign supplies of fuel. Fascist efficiency has touched only the surface of the problem; it has not removed basic deficiencies.

Before the war Italy struggled along principally upon her own resources. Today, however, there has been added to the native economic weaknesses of the country a mountainous foreign debt, already so huge that the Fascist Government dare not publish the exact figures, and this debt is growing every year. Many estimates of the precise total of this debt have appeared, but these have varied so widely, coming as they have either from Fascist sources, which naturally would seek to present the Italian financial situation in the most favorable light possible, or from anti-Fascist sources, which can always be expected to take the opposite view, that the estimates must be accepted with great caution. Based upon New York and London bankers' statements and upon American and British government records, it is probably safe to say that the Italian government's debt totals somewhere close to $9,500,000,000, including both the public debt and the funded war debt. How heavy a load this is for Italy may be seen by comparing it with the $16,000,000,000 public debt of the United States, a country whose national wealth and economic resources exceed those of Italy many times over.

Finally, there are many noted economists who are of the opinion that the lira was stabilized at too high a figure, so that collapse of the currency is bound to occur. Almost all disinterested observers are agreed that this unhealthy condition cannot much longer continue. They are of the opinion that a crash is coming and that another foreign loan will make it only the more severe. Mussolini doubtless can keep the creaky machine running a while longer provided that the foreign bankers come to his assistance, and provided also that he succeeds in preserving his personal prestige. But there are symptoms of internal unrest. When the people begin crying out against their hunger it is time for a dictator to take stock. Small wonder, then, that Mussolini has taken to singing a softer tune.

What effect an Italian crisis would have at this time upon the international situation is difficult to forecast. It has been suggested that Mussolini would prefer a foreign war to revolution at home. This has been the choice of virtually all dictators faced with a similar problem. Mussolini himself has lent weight to the suggestion by his many belligerent utterances since he came into power. Granted that he would make such a choice, the war would of necessity be short-lived. Italy could expect no financial help, and it is apparent that she cannot finance a war alone. Moreover, she would have to fight virtually without allies. It is highly unlikely that Germany, Hungary, and Russia, all faced with political and financial problems of their own, would join her. In view of these realities it would appear more than probable that Mussolini would elect some other means of meeting the crisis. This is the view generally held by European bankers and statesmen. An overthrow of the Fascist regime would, on the other hand, prove more or less a domestic affair, although it would serve to relieve the dangerous tension now existing in Southern Europe. Unlike a possible revolt against Pilsudski's dictatorship in Poland, which would be a serious matter for Europe because of Poland's proximity to Soviet Russia and because of Germany's bitter antipathy toward Poland arising from the corridor and Upper Silesian questions, a revolt against the Italian dictatorship would serve to clarify rather than to complicate the European political situation.

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Fighting Unemployment
II. Unemployment Insurance*

By HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

INTEREST in unemployment insurance is rapidly increasing in the United States. If we want to establish a workable and effective system, we have available for our guidance a rich body of European experience, by whose lessons we may profit greatly. Great Britain is the classic home of unemployment insurance, having established the first modern compulsory system in 1911. It was followed in order by Italy, Austria, Queensland, Russia, Poland, Irish Free State, Germany, and France, all of which introduced compulsory insurance at various times between 1919 and 1930. Six other European countries subsidize the unemployment funds of trade and fraternal organizations and of cities. A large part of all this experimentation, it should be noted, has occurred during the post-war decade, and has had to cope with the extraordinary industrial difficulties of that time. These difficulties in turn have given rise to much of the legislation. No small part of the criticism of the working of the insurance plans has arisen out of these special difficulties rather than out of anything inherent in the insurance principle itself.

The problems involved are grave enough, but it is worth while in studying them to remember the emphatic testimony of a skilled American observer, Miss Mary B. Gilson, who after a careful study of the British system last year wrote: "I found not a single employer who would willingly abandon unemployment insurance for the old haphazard methods of relieving destitution due to unemployment." Such testimony could be multiplied, but it is unnecessary to do more than quote the words of the Blanesburgh committee, which reported in 1927: "Nobody has suggested to us that the principle of unemployment insurance should be abandoned." In Great Britain, as elsewhere, the plan has succeeded so well, despite all difficulties, that everyone has accepted its basic principle, though there is endless disagreement over its application. An examination of the great British system illustrates clearly both what can be accomplished and what ought to be avoided.

The original British plan, established by a Liberal Government in 1911, rightly combined a national system of labor exchanges with the scheme of unemployment insurance; for insurance without such exchanges would be unworkable and disastrous. The system was compulsory on industries employing about 2,250,000 workers, and required contributions from employers, employees, and the state. An unemployed worker was entitled to benefit up to fifteen weeks in any one year, but to no more than one week of benefit for five weeks of contribution. The scheme was on a straight insurance basis, and was in no sense a plan of unlimited unemployment relief. It was designed to be self-supporting, and there was a provision for a readjustment of rates if the fund at any time threatened to become insolvent. Launched in a period of good times, the system got into operation smoothly, and by August, 1914, the fund had accumulated a surplus of £3,185,000.

The war and the catastrophic unemployment following it completely changed the situation, and led, in March, 1921, to the introduction of "extended benefit," that is, the payment of benefits, at first for sixteen weeks only, to those who had exhausted their insurance right to benefit. At this point, that is, unemployment relief in the form of the "dole" was added to unemployment insurance, though the name and the form of insurance continued. In 1924, under the Labor Government, benefit was made unlimited in time, and that principle is retained in the existing act, which was passed by the Conservative Government in 1928, and which covers more than 12,000,000 persons, including all workers between sixteen and sixty-five except those in agriculture and domestic service, and a few other relatively small groups. The scheme has no real actuarial basis, and now rests essentially on Treasury grants. The contributions of employers and employees are little more than a mode of taxation, and except for these contributions, the plan differs comparatively little from unlimited non-contributory relief. Contributions, moreover, are not proportioned at all to unemployment in the various industries; and with unemployed percentages varying from less than 3½ per cent in commerce, banking, professional services, and tramway and bus service to about 28 per cent in shipbuilding and dock service, it is plain that the steady industries are being compelled to pay for the sins of the irregular and overstaffed ones. The crowding events of the post-war years have thus fundamentally changed the character of the scheme. In its origin it was a plan of genuine and limited insurance based on the contributions of employer and employee, with government subsidy. It has become a plan of practically unlimited unemployment relief, based on public funds derived from taxation. It is perhaps not strange that Americans, urged to introduce unemployment insurance, point to the British experience and ask whether advocates of the insurance plan wish to see a similar development here.

What then are the actual gains and losses that Great Britain has derived from this combined insurance-relief system? Would it be possible for us to attain the gains without suffering the losses? What are the dangers to be guarded against if we are to set up an insurance scheme? As for the first question, the one great item on the credit side of the ledger is that through the worst industrial depression in British history, the standards of living of the working people of Great Britain have been maintained to a degree that would be unbelievable if the facts were not so clear. Health records, crime records, records of every kind agree with the testimony of social workers and other first-hand students of working-class conditions that the lowering of living standards and the loss of working morale in consequence of the

* The second of a series of three articles. The third, Stabilizing Employment, will appear in the issue of December 24.—EDITOR THE NATION.

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severe and long-continued depression and consequent unemployment have been astonishingly small. Indeed, it is the opinion of the most competent scientific students that the insurance and relief system has been perhaps too successful, as will be pointed out later, in keeping up standards of living. Be that as it may, no one will question the immense social gain that has accrued to Great Britain as a result of the protection its workers have had. Nor will anyone seriously question the contribution of the insurance laws to British social stability during these last difficult ten years. The Communists will despise them for thus hindering the onset of revolution; the rest of the community will be likely to value their service highly.

But there is another side to the account. It is not that men live off the dole instead of seeking work, as has been so often and so vociferously charged. The evidence on this point is quite clear, and Sir William Beveridge, one of the foremost authorities on the subject of unemployment, characterizes such charges as "idle and irresponsible talk." The system of labor exchanges, an indispensable part of any sound insurance scheme, makes it possible, as Beveridge points out, to control with comparative ease any tendency to prefer idleness to work. If the British experience is any guide (and the experience of Britain does not differ from that of other countries) the United States need not be deterred from introducing unemployment insurance by the fear that its workers will be demoralized by it. The danger lies in another direction. As Beveridge says, it consists in:

> . . . the risk of demoralizing governments, employers, and trade unions so that they take less thought for the prevention of unemployment. Relief of unemployment is after all a very bad second best to its prevention. . . . Once it is admitted in principle that, either under the guise of insurance or in some other form, genuine unemployment can be relieved indefinitely by the simple device of giving money from a bottomless purse, prevention is too likely to go by the board.

These are weighty words, whose meaning and application ought to be pondered carefully by every friend of unemployment insurance; for, to quote Beveridge once more, "A state which undertakes to relieve adequately and indefinitely from a bottomless purse all the unemployed will soon find itself subsidizing the manufacture of unemployment, unless it adopts counter-measures."

To illustrate, England's coal trade in its old extent is gone. If, then, England simply continues indefinitely to pay unemployment insurance, or more properly relief, to unemployed miners, they tend to remain in the depressed areas permanently unemployed, instead of moving elsewhere to better industrial opportunities. If the docks continue their old practice of hiring men on an absolutely casual basis, maintaining what have been called stagnant pools of only partly employed labor, and if the state proceeds to pay insurance benefits to these unemployed men, out of funds derived from taxes or from the contributions of more regular industries, then plainly the state is subsidizing the docks to maintain men in chronic unemployment. And, paradoxical as it may all appear, if the state uses its system of insurance and relief to maintain living standards and wages at a point higher than that at which industry can profitably employ all the workers, then the state is creating permanent unemployment and is lessening the total product from which all incomes must be drawn. It is not possible to do more than thus suggest briefly a few of the outstanding difficulties and dangers of administering a system of unemployment relief; nor is it possible to indicate in detail the "counter-measures" that Beveridge points out are necessary if the dangers are to be avoided. Suffice it to say that both British and other experience indicates that the dangers can be avoided provided political and industrial administrators are willing to do the necessary thinking and planning. As a single illustration, Beveridge suggests that employers in chronically irregular industries might be charged for each man registered as available for work, no matter how much work he got, or such employers might make a payment each time they dismissed a man—a suggestion very similar to that of a tax on labor turnover suggested by a correspondent elsewhere in this issue.

If, then, we are to introduce unemployment insurance, which present conditions imperatively demand, we must meet the conditions necessary to its success. We must have a national system of employment exchanges. We must distinguish sharply between insurance and relief, and must remember that the latter is defensible only as a temporary measure to meet extraordinary conditions. We must forever bear in mind that insurance is not simply a means of preventing distress, but that exchanges and insurance alike are means of fitting the supply of labor to the demand so as to insure the worker the highest pay possible consistent with steady employment. Finally, we must recognize the danger that insurance will lessen the intensity of individual and collective efforts at stabilization, which after all is the ultimate goal to be sought. So far as there is a distinctive American approach to the unemployment problem, it contemplates an attack through such regularizing of employment rather than through the relief of the unemployed. For that reason there is perhaps the less danger that success with insurance will lessen our efforts at prevention.

We have had hitherto in this country no serious proposal for a national system of unemployment insurance. Now is the time to strike for it. Fifteen bills for State systems have been introduced in State legislatures during the past decade and a half. Not one has been enacted. No State system, moreover, can adequately meet the need. Despite manifest constitutional difficulties, then, we must now drive forward to erect a national system of employment exchanges plus a national scheme of unemployment insurance, the two being intimately wrought together. The insurance scheme ought to be contributory, with government subsidy, on a strict actuarial basis. If, in addition, experience should in time show the necessity for relief (as opposed to insurance) under extraordinary conditions, it ought not to be confused with insurance, and it ought to be financed entirely out of taxation. But we ought definitely to set our faces against any idea of permanently supporting any body of men in idleness. That is to throw up the problem, not to solve it. As foreign experience, even amid the difficulties of the past ten years, shows, exchange and insurance machinery can be used to increase, not to lessen, the stability of industry and employment. That stabilization is the aim of any intelligent fight on unemployment. For as Beveridge says, "Unemployment remains . . . a problem of industry, not an Act of God."

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What's Wrong with the Banks?

By J. G. CURTIS

DURING the past month more than 100 banks have suspended in the United States, not counting those which were merged with other banks to avoid suspension. The same thing has been happening all through the past ten years, but it is now more intense. The following tabulation is based on figures presented by the Comptroller of the Currency last spring. The figures represent "banks closed to the public either temporarily or permanently by supervisory authorities or by the banks' boards of directors on account of financial difficulties" in the nine years preceding 1930.

Year	*Number of Banks Suspended*	*Deposits of Banks Suspended*
1921	501	$196,000,000
1922	354	111,000,000
1923	648	189,000,000
1924	776	213,000,000
1925	612	173,000,000
1926	956	272,000,000
1927	662	194,000,000
1928	491	139,000,000
1929	640	234,000,000
Total	5,640	$1,721,000,000

When charted, the figures show a trend upward, in spite of the fact that the highest point was reached in 1926, and a low point subsequently in 1928. This upward trend will be emphasized when the figures for 1930 are all in, for our present year's record will pass all previous ones. The record for the first ten months is shown below in figures taken from the Federal Reserve *Bulletin*.

Month	*Number of Banks Suspended*	*Deposits of Banks Suspended*
January	97	$30,000,000
February	85	33,000,000
March	75	24,000,000
April	95	34,000,000
May	52	19,000,000
June	67	71,000,000
July	65	33,000,000
August	66	22,000,000
September	66	24,000,000
October	66	27,000,000
Total	734	$317,000,000

Comparison of the figures for the present uncompleted year with those of the preceding completed ones shows at a glance how much worse the situation is now than it has ever been before. The deposits involved in the ten months' failures surpass those for every preceding twelvemonth, and the number of failures for the ten months surpass those of every preceding twelvemonth but two. And this is without November. With only newspaper reports to rely on till the official figures appear in December, it is impossible to do more than guess, but it seems probable that suspensions for November will exceed 150, and that the deposits involved will be close to $100,000,000. One of the November failures alone involves deposits of $40,000,000. It is the National Bank of Kentucky of Louisville, the largest national bank that ever failed.

What do these failures mean? In the first place, depositors do not always lose their money. Frequently the stockholders of the suspended bank will make good the impairment so that it may reopen or get another bank to assume its deposit liabilities. Or enough may be realized on its assets to pay out in full. More frequently there is a loss. Nor is the depositor the only loser. People who have borrowed from the bank find suddenly that they must satisfy an altered and importunate creditor, and in many cases their loss will seem as substantial as that of the depositors. The stockholders also are losers, though in the rough justice that prevails in bankruptcy they get no sympathy. In weighing the loss to the whole community, however, the stockholders' share of it is as real as that of the depositor or borrower. Thus, although the sum of two billion dollars, which is the amount of deposits tied up in bank failures for the ten years including 1930, has not by any means all been lost to bank depositors, it is reasonable to assume that the indirect loss to the population, taking into account the loss to borrowers and to stockholders and the reaction upon business in general, has exceeded that amount. This is a record that the Coolidge and Hoover Administrations have never taken credit for.

Why do banks fail? Occasionally they fail because their depositors in sheer panic start a run and the banks are unable to get cash fast enough to meet demands. Sometimes the panic is quelled. For instance, an important bank in Texas stopped a dangerous run under such conditions early this year by putting an orchestra in the mezzanine, clearing a space in the lobby for dancing, serving refreshments, and turning the affair into a grand party. At the same time they kept up the grim work of paying off the gradually subsiding demand, but both music and money had to be kept going till midnight, when the demand ceased. More often there is no music and little money. The doors have closed simply because the bankers have made loans that they cannot collect or investments that prove to be no good.

But it is apparent that there is more behind the long epidemic than isolated errors of judgment. There is clearly something general and social about it, as there is about the long agricultural depression in the West and South—the very region of course where suspensions are still most numerous. It is the inflation and collapse of farm values that is still the outstanding occasion of bank failures. With the shrinkage of values and of the dollar volume of business, some thousands of banks created by inflation were left exposed. Worse still, even with the number sweated down from 30,000 to 23,000 there are still too many left. In a capitalistic society banks must be profitable in order to be safe. Since there are obviously too many banks, the only alternatives to failure are consolidation, or subsidy, or a return of the boom that carried Western and Southern land values to their war-time heights.

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Since this last alternative would be good only while it lasted, and would then leave things worse than they now are, it is a consolation to reflect that it is wholly improbable anyway. One of the other alternatives is subsidy. On the assumption that small, local, individualistic enterprise is essential to the maintenance of our traditional social and economic status, we could subsidize the small banker whose failures account for nine-tenths of the record. This could be done by discriminatory taxation, such as is being put into effect in some States for the protection of independent merchants, ostensibly from chain-store competition, but in reality from consumers who prefer to buy where they can get the most for their money. This alternative appears to be quite as reasonable as the Smoot-Hawley tariff, which subsidizes our struggling productive industries, but for that very reason it is to be hoped that it would not be tried even if advocated.

This leaves the third alternative, merger—an alternative that is already being resorted to. The present wave of bank failures would have been much worse indeed if federal and State authorities had not in many cases succeeded in getting banks that were in good condition to take over those that were about to collapse. But the merger is more than a remedy for failures. Both are adjustments to profound social changes. Banks that do not fail merge instead. The merger is in fact a milder method of achieving for society as a whole the same end that bankruptcy achieves. On the surface, this may not be obvious; it may seem that mergers are effected in order to make more money. As a matter of fact, they are effected in order to keep from making less.

Of course, this is no immediate answer to the problem of bank failures. Nor will any immediate answer be found, from the way things look. The failures will simply go on. For ten years authorities have been uttering their flatulent reassurances and after ten years they are still uttering them. It is part of their job to do so, and to the extent that they are believed doubtless many banks suspend later than they would otherwise do. This does not mean that there is a debacle ahead, for there is no apparent reason for thinking that the future will be either very much worse or very much better than the past has been. On the one hand, the same causes of failure that have prevailed still prevail; and on the other, the authorities are gradually acquiring, or are having forced upon them by necessity, a preventive technique which suffices to keep the failures checked, but not to end them. Only something revolutionary in the whole economic structure of the country could do that, for it is impossible for banking or any other one business to go on unconditioned by the other forms of enterprise and by the social institutions and traditions amidst which it is conducted. Lacking that, however, something revolutionary in the supervision of banks would help.

There was a vain hope in many quarters years ago that State guaranty of deposits would minimize the losses from suspension. The disastrous bankruptcy of the guaranty funds in the States where they were set up proves that they won't. There has been a better-grounded hope that the Federal Reserve System would meet the situation. As to that, three things may be said: The great majority of banks that have failed were never members of the system; to the extent that its membership is affected, the situation became desperate before the system was sufficiently developed to do anything about it; and our traditional division of authority over banks, which the system shares with the independent Comptroller of the Currency and with the forty-eight independent State supervisors, gives it more excuse than it should have for failing to propose a program of conservation.

Our immediate need consequently is, in the first place, for a radical simplification and rationalization of our jumbled State and Federal banking laws; and, in the second place, for a concentration of supervisory responsibility, which is now divided according to the convenience of politicians rather than according to the reasonable requirements of constructive administration.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has a brick on his desk, not for defense, but for commemoration. On one side you may see lettered "R. Hoe & Co." It is perhaps the last brick left of the old printing-press works which stood where the new Amalgamated Apartments rise with terraces and garden, the first flower of Lillian Wald's dream of a rehabilitated East Side.

* * * * *

FOR many years there stood on Grand Street a tower that served as beacon to all the adventurous spirits that braved, and got lost in, the lower East Side. It was not much of a tower as towers go in this age of Jack-and-the-Beanstalks, but it held a big clock above the tenements, and to its face the working world turned as a mariner to the sun. With what gratitude has the Drifter, when lost in the labyrinth of crooked push-cart streets, hailed a glimpse of the tower with its plain black "R. Hoe & Co."

* * * * *

FOR more than ninety years this "cradle of learning" unostentatiously supplied the world with printing-presses. At the outset Colonel Hoe brought his skilled workers from England. (Indeed, it was only by anglicizing their names that Jewish mechanics in later years could find employment there, but whether an English accent was required or not the Drifter never heard.) Among the early arrivals was the Colonel's cousin Richard, from Nottingham. Three generations of that family worked in the Hoe plant, settling down to live beside the great building which was their pride. Pleasant homes surrounded it then. When the Drifter was a boy, a family friend took him to see an old yellow frame house, turning its side to the street in Salem fashion and fronting its fenced garden before the house was torn down to make way for tenements. Here the three generations had lived, Richard's son marrying the daughter of a Nieuw York Dutch sea captain who had retired to a farm on Hester Street! As the old couple from Nottingham wore themselves out and journeyed westward by hard stages in search of health, the young people were bringing up their children in the yellow house on Columbia Street, less pleasant now, in a neighborhood growing poorer and more crowded. With the young father and his oldest son dead from overwork, the little boys went to work in the plant—the eight-year-old feeling that now he was a man at last! Four years later he achieved real distinction. Since Morse the inventor was

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close friend of Colonel Hoe, it came to pass that the first rivate telegraph wire in the world was installed from Colonel Hoe's office to his home, and the young twelve-year-ld was the operator.

* * * * *

RICHARD'S family worked as long as health lasted, giving the best of their old age, manhood, youth, and childood, but they all loved their work, were proud "owners" of the plant, never heard of exploitation, or child labor, or vorkers' insurance. Some of them lived to get their health ack. Even sturdy old Richard found his in "Alegany"; is good wife, who had been "verey anshess" about him, vrote that he could again "eatt his vitales heartey." That ntrepid speller, who would pluckily have-at a word time fter time and never hit it twice the same! Along with is brick the Drifter cherishes a unique letter from old Richard's wife, and who can boast its equal? She wrote: 'Alageney his plesenter a great deal pleasenter than Puttesburgh in some parts. Pittsbergh it his a smokey place but ould Amereakens say it his the haltheyes place in the ineoun." THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Insuring Wages

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It seems to me unfortunate that you have given space in your issue of November 26 to the article entitled Dividends Are Insured—Why Not Wages? because the author's proposal is so absurdly unreasonable that its publication reflects upon the intelligence of your editors.

The surplus of a corporation belongs to its stockholders, many of whom may be persons of small means, some perhaps themselves wage-earners. This surplus consists of saved profits and is a return on capital like rent and interest, but your author makes an arbitrary difference. He proposes to confiscate saved profits for the benefit of unemployed wage-earners, but to leave intact saved rent and interest. This discrimination is particularly unreasonable because profits usually result from efficient management, whereas a landowner may receive a huge percentage return on the original cost of his land because of an increase in population for which he may not have been in any way responsible.

The stocks of our very successful corporations which are financially strong are now on deposit as collateral with banks all over the country. If the surplus of these corporations should be confiscated, the resultant decrease in the value of their stocks alone would cause another panic, which would be disastrous in the extreme to our already weakened business fabric.

Oak Park, Ill., November 24 GEORGE SELENINE

[Our reader apparently misinterprets Mr. Corey's proposal, which is not to confiscate corporate surplus for the benefit of unemployed wage-earners, but to establish a system of unemployment insurance, which might be financed in any one of several different ways. The point would be to insure to wage-earners the regular receipt of wages or their equivalent just as corporations try to insure regular dividends to their stockholders by drawing upon the surplus during times of depression. —EDITOR THE NATION.]

Down with Idealism!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My subscription expired in June of this year. Since then I have received so many letters from you asking me to renew it that I simply cannot help writing this letter.

I was a reader of *The Nation* for exactly eleven years, during which long time I do not remember a single important point on which I did not agree with you. *The Nation* helped to keep up the flame of idealism in me, to nurse my innate morality and decency in matters political, or in those concerning my fellow human beings.

But what are the results? Here I am, thirty-eight years old, supposedly intelligent, well-read, and honest, but with not a dollar saved during all these years. I have been taking honesty too literally, and my idealism has turned out to be a highly impractical proposition as far as money goes. I have lost jobs because I helped people and protected them from injustice; I have been branded a Communist for having predicted the unheard-of thing—that the present Russian government will not go to the dogs according to prearranged schedule; and last but not least, although I gave my left leg for my country, for which I fought as an officer for years, I have not even been granted a pension, because of my "sympathies with the reds." By the way, my "sympathies" did not go an inch farther than recognizing undeniable facts, and I might even say that although I agree with many a thing the Soviet Government is doing, I am by no means a Communist and don't care a hang about old Mr. Marx.

So, goodby *Nation*, I am leaving you now. I will subscribe hereafter only to the worst jingo journals; I will cry and get excited whenever I hear a national anthem or see a flag; I will cultivate the friendship of hurrah-patriots and top dogs, and will cheer whenever the strong beat the weak. And if God ever favors me with a war, somewhere in my neighborhood, then I will jump with my remaining leg on the next table of my *Stammcafé* and yell: "Forward, boys, give 'em hell! Vorwärts! En Avant! Banzai! Avanti! Nazdar! or Eloere!" as the case may be, and then turn to supplying something to somebody at a price.

Down with idealism! Three cheers for big business! And I hope that by the end of the next ten years I shall have become a citizen who is respectable to the tune of at least six figures in real money.

I remain, dear *Nation*, for bigger and better armaments, wars, and for the exploitation of the weak, your very up-to-date

Japan, November 1 EX-READER

A Tax on Labor Turnover

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The New York State Legislature has authorized the appointment of a Tax Revision Commission charged with working out some new form of taxation which will relieve real estate of the great burden of taxation it now carries. Approximately three-fourths of all the taxes collected in the State are raised from real property.

Any social method of taxation must be based on one of two principles: taxation for revenue based on ability to pay, or taxation producing some revenue but having as an additional purpose the suppressing of alleged anti-social influences.

One of the greatest disturbances in our present life is the instability of industry, with its uncontrolled periods of prosperity followed by periods of depression. Such economic trends

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are of course closely connected with the related practices c hiring and firing labor. In periods of real or assumed prosperit employers enter into business expansion and hire additiona labor which must be fired on the first crack of bad busines

As a step toward stabilizing such irresponsible and sporadi hiring and firing, why not have a tax on labor turnover? I has been well established that every time an employer replace an employee, the cost of such replacement is in the neighborhoo of $50. This economic waste arises out of the expense of ad vertising for help, running an employment office, breaking i and supervising the new help, and the errors of the new help

A tax on labor turnover should be levied somewhat a follows: Every employer, whether an individual, a partner ship, or a corporation, in the State of New York should be re quired to file a report at the end of each year setting forth th average number of persons employed during the year and th total number of persons hired during the year. From the tota number hired during the year deduction would be allowed fo the number of increased employees taken on, and the employe would be allowed an additional exemption of, say, 10 per cen of the average number of employees.

Probably different exemptions would need to be allowed for different industries. The exemption should be large enough to take into consideration the death of employees. Moreover provision would have to be made as to the interpretation o strikes or lockouts in relation to the terms "hiring" and "firing." The excess in turnover would be taxed on a graduated scale.

The first outstanding advantage of such a tax is that it would direct the attention of employers to the waste of unnecessary turnover. When our federal government first adopted the corporate income tax, the tax was designed not to collect revenue but to gather data as to corporate incomes in the United States. This is clearly indicated by the low tax rate and the high exemption. Likewise, a tax on labor turnover would serve to direct an additional amount of consideration and resulting intelligence to one of the basic problems underlying economic stability. Secondly, it is a tax that could not very easily be passed on to the public. For instance, a department store which had an intelligent employment service would have a small turnover and a negligible tax, if any. A competing concern which was wasteful in hiring and firing and therefore a real disturber in the employment market would be subjected to a large tax on its excess turnover. But the second firm could not pass the tax on to the public and still meet the prices of its competitor.

In the third place, the tax would place employers in proper relation to one another. Such a firm as Wurlitzer and Company, which recently announced that it had guaranteed employment to its workers, would obviously obtain the advantage of freedom from the tax. It would fall instead upon competitors who hire and fire labor without regard to public effect.

Finally, through the data collected under such a tax system some intelligent progress might be made toward stabilizing the so-called seasonal industries and toward regularizing employment in those businesses that now follow a hand-to-mouth policy in hiring labor. It is impossible to estimate the amount of revenue that such a tax would bring, but it is not an argument against the tax to admit that it might be large during the first few years and then decrease, for such a decrease could only result from a decrease in wasteful turnover.

The enforcement of the tax would be far less complicated than the enforcement of an income tax or any form of sales tax. The bulk of business is conducted in corporate form and corporations at present are called upon to make reports. The tax should be levied as widely as possible, but practically it might be necessary to have it fall only on those employers who have hired during the current tax year more than twenty-five persons.

New York, November 25 JAMES F. WAYNE

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Books and Music

Do As I Tell You

By GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

Mark the earth with a cross
Before you die.
Take a small stick and bend down
And make two marks, two
Only, on the ground. Ask no one why.
Mark, before you die
The earth, for a sign. You
Are not a soul, you cannot die
Rightly, until you scratch a small mark on the ground.
Lean, and write, and be done and be gone,
And the wind be with you.

Rainer Maria Rilke

The Journal of My Other Self. By Rainer Maria Rilke. Translated by John Linton. W. W. Norton and Company. $3.

RAINER MARIA RILKE died in 1926, at the age of fifty-two. The greater part of his reputation, like Proust's, has been posthumous, but even from 1900 to 1910 he was regarded, with Stefan George, as one of Germany's two foremost lyric poets. His sympathies and experience were to a remarkable extent international. He studied in Prague, Munich, and Berlin, traveled in Russia, Italy, and France; and in his last years lived in Vienna and Switzerland. He appears to have been most profoundly influenced by three men—Tolstoy, the Danish writer Jacobsen, and most of all Rodin. When he saw Rodin's work he felt the need of knowing the sculptor; he came to Paris, met him, lived near him for twelve years, and became his secretary for a time. The French influence on his work was naturally marked; he even composed many of his poems in French. But he often called Russia the country of his soul, and was fond of saying that it had "made" him. His writing, in the end, is neither German, French, nor Russian in spirit, but essentially cosmopolitan.

"The Journal of My Other Self," originally published in Germany under the title "Die Aufzeichnungen des Malte Laurids Brigge," and usually regarded as Rilke's most important book, is now for the first time translated into English. It is a strange work: an autobiography, a journal, but never chronological. It reaches back from the present to memories of earliest childhood; moves forward again, then back. It makes no distinction between the inner and the outer worlds; the reader must divine for himself how much of what is set down is imagined and how much remembered, where reality ends and hallucination begins. There is no building toward a climax, no progression, no transition; episode and reverie succeed each other without warning. Separated events are constantly narrated as if the writer were resuming a prior narrative, and as if the reader already knew the necessary facts. The book passes through the mind like a series of uneasy dreams. Nothing, so to speak, is seen on all sides or in full daylight, but in a half-darkness illuminated by fitful flashes of lightning. And many of the scenes are as vivid and unforgettable as only objects caught in such a light can be.

I cannot guess to what extent this is the journal of a person imagined by Rilke, and to what extent it is a true spiritual autobiography. A sympathetic reader might call the narrator a mystic; others will call him simply a neurotic, a sick body in a sick soul. Nearly everything comes to him in terms of the horrible, the terrifying, the disgusting. "People come here, then, to live?" he begins. "I should rather have thought that they came here to die." And he is talking of Paris. He describes a pilgrimage through the houses:

> There were the midday meals and the sicknesses and the exhalations and the smoke of years, and the sweat that breaks out under the armpits and makes the garments heavy, and the stale breath of mouths, and the oily odor of perspiring feet.

I spare you more and worse. He goes into the street. There is a carnival, and laughter. Laughter? "Laughter bubbled from their mouths like matter from open sores." More than once he has seen a ghost, and he is obsessed by the subject of death. We carry our deaths within us, he thinks, as a fruit bears its kernel. Our deaths resemble us. There was the death of his grandfather, old Chamberlain Brigge, which was two months long, which shouted, groaned, and roared so loud that the villagers rose from their beds as if there were a thunderstorm. There was the death of his father, and the doctor who came to perforate the heart for "certainty," while the young son looked on:

> He carefully withdrew the instrument, and there was left something resembling a mouth, from which twice in succession blood escaped, as if it were pronouncing a word in two syllables.

Gruesome episodes are followed by accounts of wild childhood fears; by descriptions of nervous convulsions in others, in which the narrator seems to enter the very body of the person he is describing; by pure bravura passages, which even in translation are often hauntingly melodious, and by touches of grim humor, as in the account of Felix Arvers, who delayed his death to correct a nun's pronunciation of "corridor," or of Nikolai Kusmitch, who became so sensitive that he could feel time blowing past his ears, and was nauseated by the motion of the earth turning on its axis.

The reader will find in this book faint suggestions of Poe, of Amiel, of Baudelaire, of the Hamsun of "Hunger," even of Proust (though the "Journal" was first published in 1910, three years before "Swann's Way"). I put down these names merely to indicate certain kinships, not strong resemblances or sources of influence. "The Journal of My Other Self" is too original and personal to fit into any established genre.

HENRY HAZLITT

Two Poets

The Proof. By Yvor Winters. Coward-McCann. $1.
Chelsea Rooming House. By Horace Gregory. Covici-Friede. $2.

MR. WINTERS'S name is one of the best known in circles where modern poetry and modern criticism are discussed. Therefore when a new book of poetry appears under this poet's signature we turn to it with interest. This last volume, "The Proof," is, however, rather disappointing; it is not so significant as was "Bare Hills" either in technique or in subject matter.

Mr. Winters's whole-hearted acceptance of several of the dogmas of humanism did not astonish those who had recognized in this poet, even before he became critic, the rigid passion of

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scholarship and knew this passion to be his principal theme for verse. It was clearly discernible, moreover, that Mr. Winters's innovations in verse form were actually formulae worked out with mathematical precision, formulae based always on the imagist tradition.

However, in Mr. Winters's earlier books, and particularly in "Bare Hills," there was actual passion in the statement of a fundamental problem: How can man find fulfilment in the cold passion of the mind fed more and more exclusively by books? The poet felt the mental torture involved in such detachment from life, felt the strain of a mind bent almost fanatically upon vision, blinded by habits of learning from any simple view of God. The contrast between life, which is love, and death, which is the mind confined to its own limits, was that upon which the poet dwelt with a certain horror. Already "reality was being lost in symbolism," but he could still *feel* reality.

In this last book, "The Proof," we find that Mr. Winters, dwelling upon the same themes, has lost his passion. He has indeed lost reality. The result is that many of his poems seem histrionic, a kind of redramatizing of an old theme which lies in the memory, but has died emotionally.

Mr. Winters's technique, too, has undergone a change: the pattern of the earlier poems, a kind of balanced imagery, has undergone an expansion. Now the image is more fully developed. The earlier effect of parallel flash upon flash is lost, but clarity is gained and this is, perhaps, an advance. Nevertheless, one feels that Mr. Winters's austere spirit is less at ease in these expansions, and particularly ill at ease when he uses the conventional forms.

The only subject that has ever been important to Mr. Winters is still of chief importance in his last book: the mind's attempt to get at God. We can no longer come at a knowledge of God emotionally. We are the "countryless refugees of science," to whom is left only the "naked passion of the human mind"; and we, as moralists, have "extended the mind beyond the act" and therein wrong ourselves, for "no man can hold existence in the head."

Mr. Winters remains one of the best of the imagist school, but limited by that school. He is afraid to trust himself in any extension of language beyond absolute clarity and precision, and he therefore loses much in power. He remains one of the more interesting and contemporary of our poets, despite the fact that his critical mind does his poetic mind some injury. He states more clearly than any other poet the modern dilemma: the gradual loss of feeling through too much of "print."

"Chelsea Rooming House," by Horace Gregory, announces in no uncertain terms another poet of the contemporary scene, but what a different scene from Mr. Winters's it is! For Mr. Gregory has the passion and the wider contacts with life that Mr. Winters lacks. Mr. Gregory is concerned *not* with the dilemma of the scholarly mind alone, although he touches upon this theme, but with the great dilemma of the inarticulate life striving toward a goal it can never reach.

"Chelsea Rooming House" is an extraordinary book; a fresh poetic vision and an individual talent here are loosed to express a great fear and a deep tenderness concerning human life. Mr. Gregory as poet interprets unintellectual humanity hurling itself at doors to which it has no key. These people too, in their blind way, search for some comprehension of life and death, and of God. Here are hopelessness, pathos, and insanity, all seeking the way which means escape.

> If someone said, *Escape*
> *let's get away from here,*
> you'd see snow mountains thrown
> against the sky,
> cold, and you'd draw your breath and feel
> air like cold water going through your veins,
> but you'd be free, up so high,
> or you'd see a row of girls dancing on a beach
> with tropic trees and a warm moon
> and warm air floating under your clothes
> and through your hair.
> Then you'd think of heaven
> where there's peace, away from here,
> and you'd go some place unreal
> where everybody goes after something happens,
> set up on the air, safe, a room in a hotel.
> A brass bed, military hair brushes,
> a couple of coats, trousers, maybe a dress
> on a chair or draped on the floor.
> This room is not on earth, feel the air,
> warm like heaven and far away.

Although Mr. Gregory's poems spring from a strong feeling about social conditions they never become propaganda. The poet is far too intellectual to allow that. Instinctively and rightly he connects the past with the future, throwing a vision of life backwards and forwards along its right plane. The pattern of life is different in each age, but the feeling for life is universal.

Mr. Gregory's poem O Metaphysical Head is, I think, one of the most moving and powerful of modern poems. It is far too long to quote, but in it one feels the horror of the separation of mind from body, not, as in Mr. Winters's verse, because of scholarship, but because of the mechanization of all life. The poem closes with the image of a headless man standing below the level of the street in the subway, catching pennies in the hand, and this image becomes a symbol of much that our life today must eventually mean.

Mr. Gregory, too, has invented his own rhythms, those of the voice, sometimes muted, sometimes rising to a scream, a monotonous flowing rhythm, winding in and around itself as a drunken man might talk. And this rhythm is very effective.

Taken all in all, "Chelsea Rooming House" is a book one cannot forget. It has none of the ennui, the aloofness, the sterility which have deadened so much modern poetry.

EDA LOU WALTON

Beerbohm in the Stalls

Around Theatres. By Max Beerbohm. Alfred A. Knopf. Two volumes. $7.50.

WHEN Max Beerbohm, summoned by an inspired postal card from Bernard Shaw, presented himself at the offices of the *Saturday Review* as Shaw's successor in the post of dramatic critic, he was twenty-six years old. This was in 1898, and he was by no means then unknown. He had published three books: his "Works," a volume of caricatures, and "The Happy Hypocrite." Yet he was certainly young.

Quite as certainly, however, he was in possession of all the art he was ever to have as a writer of prose—all the art, which is to say that he had more of it than any of his contemporaries, English or American, has had. The present volumes, constituting a first American edition of the famous articles written between 1898 and 1910, prove that. They prove once more not merely that Max is perfect; they prove that he always was perfect. I have read them slowly, steadily, and with a mounting, inexpressible delight. I can recommend them without any reservation whatever to all those readers who do not resent having to admire as they read, who do not object to perfection. Nor does the reader in this case have to bring with him any special concern for the theater. Max himself, as he made clear in his first article, had no such concern. Half-brother of an eminent actor, bored with plays since the age of ten, he had never read anyone else's dramatic

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ticism; and so he warned his public that he might have tle to say. Only, he added, there might turn out to be in s ignorance and coldness the advantage of their "making rebration compulsory, and so giving freshness to one's style."

Twelve years later, bidding his audience goodby, he aditted he was glad to go.

> I do not recall that I have once sat down eager to write, or that I have once written with ease and delight. . . . Writing has always been uphill work to me, mainly because I am cursed with an acute literary conscience. To seem to write with ease and delight is one of the duties which a writer owes to his readers, to his art. And to contrive that effect involves a very great skill and care: it is a matter of technique, a matter of construction partly, and partly of choice of words and cadences. There may be—I have never met one—writers who enjoy the act of writing; but without that technique their enjoyment will not be manifest.

ll of which, like so much of Max when he seems to be erious, is a bit misleading. For our pleasure in him is not ie pleasure we may take in one who skips; he walks, he iarches, he archly dances, with an extreme care which in self we appreciate. We never for a moment forget that 'e are reading artful prose. But for once we are glad to e doing it. That is his glory. He conceals—without, I nagine, much effort—his lack of art.

Not that we are interested exclusively in the way he says hings. What he says is in most cases more important than he momentous messages which we are in the habit of hearing rom our major prophets. Max is not merely one of the leverest, he is also one of the most sensible of men. His unning account of Shaw's development is the wisest I know, s well as the wittiest. If at the time he sounded snobbish bout Pinero and many another lesser favorite, he now sounds nerely true; his condescension was the condescension of poserity. And let no man think that because this man has a gentle style he has a gentle heart. He can murder a playvright, he can maul an actor—he can massacre a whole cast. But I shall make no attempt to describe the contents of these narvelous volumes.

MARK VAN DOREN

The Poet of the River Rouge

Moving Forward. By Henry Ford in Collaboration with Samuel Crowther. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

IN this latest manifesto of Fordismus, Samuel Crowther again figures as Mr. Ford's collaborator, so that who wrote what is anybody's guess. The book may be accepted, however, as an authoritative exposition of Ford theory and practice—the untempered, marvelously egoistic expression of a man of genius who had better be listened to even when he appears to be talking self-contradictory nonsense. Like Walt Whitman, for example, who wrote in the preface to the 1855 edition of "Leaves of Grass":

> The Americans, of all nations at any time upon the earth, have probably the fullest poetical nature. . . . Here is action untied from strings, necessarily blind to particulars and details, magnificently moving in masses. Here the performance, disdaining the trivial, unapproach'd in the tremendous audacity of its crowds and groupings, spreads with crampless and flowing breadth, and showers its prolific and splendid extravagance.

The epic of Model A is that kind of performance. By now this inspired mechanic has ridden his *idée fixe* over most of the planet. With characteristic arrogance he calls his demon "business," preempting the word for his own methods of handling men and materials, and curtly hurling lesser practitioners into the limbo of selfish and obsolescent ineptitudes. Here is "business" as Ford sees it:

> Business has been regarded as a pump which can be profitably used to supply the needs of the owners of the pump. . . . Now, if the mutations of past business experience and the omens of the immediate future are saying anything to us, it is that business is more than a means of providing its owners with a living and luxuries, that business is national defense and social education and economic supply and racial destiny rolled into one, that it is this day our one earthly anchor to all that civilization means, and that the business man is nothing more than a dollar-a-year man serving in a great cause.

Page Mr. Ham Fish and his red-hunters. One has heard the same sort of thing at Rotary luncheons, but with a difference. The Rotarians are not in business for their health, and will tell you so privately. Ford is. There is no fake about the evangelism of this amazing prophet of the great god Progress, and his health is excellent. Three years ago the wiseacres of the automotive business were licking their chops and proclaiming that Henry was through. Today many of these wiseacres are flat on their backs, and Mr. Ford can afford to make a few wisecracks himself, as, for example:

> No lamp-posts have been provided for weak or overstimulated businesses to cling to, and so they are apt to cling to one another. The embrace is called a merger.

Being in an excellent position to tell the rest of the business world where to get off and where to head in, Mr. Ford does so, to the extent of a half-dozen unsparing chapters. After which he proceeds to document his conclusions: 5,200 independent manufacturing concerns in the United States do work for the Ford Motor Company and of this number 3,500 do little else. They produce to Ford specifications, according to Ford plans and methods. He has taught the sheep men how to raise wool, the textile men how to weave cloth, the glass men how to make plate glass, the coal men how to mine coal. Starting in June, 1927, he revamped his entire industry. He transferred most of the machinery of the Highland Park plant to the River Rouge. He picked up the entire tractor plant and set it down in Cork, Ireland. A year previous he had bought 199 rusting ships from the Emergency Fleet Corporation and salvaged them down to the last pound of steel and the last washbowl in the skipper's cabin. While Model A was incubating, about 25,000 Ford employees were let out. But at the time the book was written the Ford industries gave direct employment to 100,000 more men than before the change, and indirect employment to an additional 100,000. And the average wage scale has gone up.

Mr. Ford is not arguing; he is telling you. He has a complete philosophy, embracing economics, sociology, and education. At the Highland Park Trade School, the Edison Institute of Technology, and the Wayside Inn School, Ford has applied his theories of straight-line production to education—education for leadership, as he is careful to emphasize. He dismisses the whole concept of democracy with the curt observation that it is so obviously impracticable that it has never even been tried. He disputes, successfully to my mind, the fading notion that modern technological process involves a mechanization of the worker and the decay of craftsmanship. He snorts at the very real bogy of technological unemployment, ignoring completely the statistics published in the report of the President's Committee on Recent Economic Changes; these statistics show pretty conclusively a growing displacement of industrial workers since 1920, amounting in 1927 to an estimated 650,000 who had not found jobs in the secondary cushion of commercial, as distinguished from manufac-

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turing, employment. Mrs. Clinch Calkins, in "Some Folks Won't Work," has described what happens to these men and their families. Mr. Ford scoffs at any future exhaustion of basic resources, ignoring the growing divergence of the power-factor and load-factor curves, which is beginning to focus the attention of a few farseeing engineers. Incidentally, what Mr. Ford says about prohibition is neither truth nor poetry.

Yet, as a poet, Mr. Ford is not unaware that even the great god Progress pales and recedes when the springs of human desire fail, for these springs are the ultimate dynamic of even the most refined socio-technological process. In his last chapter he writes:

> The economist has never taken into account the possibility of people growing tired of mere business and mere prosperity. . . . Stagnation of interest comes when we fail to see where work and business actually serve life.

Thinking and acting wholly within the fabric of the price system, Mr. Ford sees, or thinks he sees. Some of us see, or think we see, that Ford's life work constitutes a progressive *reductio ad absurdum* of that system.

JAMES RORTY

Village Life in India

Voiceless India. By Gertrude Emerson. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $4.

THE voiceless part of India for which Miss Emerson here speaks is that 90 per cent of the total population which lives in the villages. This consists of peasants and artisans, with a small sprinkling of priests, lower officials, shopkeepers, and beggars—roughly speaking, the proletariat with a bit of the petty bourgeoisie. Though it constitutes the bulk of India's more than three hundred millions, it is the part of which we have heard the least, for it is dumb before the poets, the artists, the philosophers, the kings, the politicians. Yet it is the foundation of India's culture. By its toil is created the wealth with which the leisure classes have developed the refinements of civilization; in its huts are tenaciously cherished the customs and ideas, crystallized through slow centuries of evolution, that comprise her folk wisdom; from its extravagantly fertile loins spring the short-lived generations that perpetuate the enduring traditions.

It was Miss Emerson's idea that this part of India needed presentation to the West. She sought a remote village, had a house built there, and lived in it for more than a year, through the piercing cold of winter, the parching heat of summer, the enervating humidity of the monsoon. She studied Hindustani that she might talk with the villagers. She set herself to win their confidence, and succeeded; for she aimed to learn of them and sympathize with them, not to admonish.

The resulting study is excellent. Although the book modestly appears as "travel," it is more than that. It is also partly journalism, using the word in its best sense, for it reports vividly and intelligibly the life she saw. It is partly science; for she observed carefully and checked her observations by re-observation and by comparison with the observation of others, of whose books she has obviously read much, although bibliographical citations are few. It is partly art, in her power of appraising human motives and of painting word pictures. She has by no means exhausted the possibilities of "travel," sociological, anthropological, or economic investigation, or color; but she has combined them all, meaning her book to reach a wide circle of readers and to give a clear, reliable, as well as readable, picture of village life.

She describes the village in many aspects—its houses and streets, its public health, its agriculture, its division of land, i variety of occupation, its credit facilities, its food, its educ tion, its association with nature, its contact with the outsid world. The picture has variation and detail, governed by clos unity. The life of the villager is prevailingly somber, yet it ha brighter moments, as in public celebration and in the peaceful ness with which Hindu and Mohammedan live together. Sh makes her opinion clear at times that the government shoul be doing more to brighten the picture.

At a time when most of the popular books appearing o modern India treat their subject with "passion and prejudice or obfuscate issues by the use of bad logic, it is a relief to mee a study that is neither sensational nor sentimental, but on th contrary is objective, even if personal, and sober, thoughtful honest, original; not propagandist but instructive.

W. NORMAN BROWN

In the Reign of Anne

England Under Queen Anne. Volume I: *Blenheim.* By George Macaulay Trevelyan. Longmans, Green and Company. $7.50.

FOR Mr. Trevelyan the reign of Queen Anne was an Augustan Age. He writes of it so tenderly that we feel urged not merely to forgive its faults but to love them like the dear defects of a picaresque hero. We are reminded that we are dealing with "a nation of five and a half millions that had Wren for its architect, Newton for its scientist, Bentley for its scholar, Pope for its satirist, Addison for its essayist, Bolingbroke for its orator, Swift for its pamphleteer, and Marlborough to win its battles," and that it therefore "had the recipe for genius." While he contemplates such glories—to which we might add, "Defoe for its reporter"—it is to be expected that a patriotic historian will not dwell long on the blots, but will pass over merely with a "nevertheless" the fact that it was in this great era that a famous writer could comment with approval upon English children of four earning their living; that in this heroic age hardly one leader kept clean of treacherous correspondence with the enemy.

Therefore it must be understood at once that Mr. Trevelyan is a prejudiced historian, but that in spite of his easily discerned prejudices he is a great one. He is preeminently a writer; he has the writer's capacity to arrange events in a narrative relevance; to show through brilliant characterization the human molds through which action flowed. This is a great and unusual gift; without it history is data, superseded inevitably and endlessly by fuller data or by the same data in a different arrangement. With it history gains the relative permanence of literature.

Mr. Trevelyan makes a concession to modern history by giving us a survey of the physiography and the social, political, and economic background of the nation at the opening of Queen Anne's reign. He does this, however, with brisk, vivid particulars, like a novelist establishing his setting. And when it is done, Mr. Trevelyan plunges with fervor into what really interests him—the Marlborough wars. It is amazing how this commercial but literary people loves its wars—perhaps because wars make such good literary material.

The war story is magnificently told. It is in effect a biography of Marlborough, and no better biography of this nearly perfect general has yet been written. Nor is this alone the chief distinction of the work. In a remarkably telling way Mr. Trevelyan shows how the Act of Settlement inviting William of Orange to the English throne united the nation under a foreign and therefore relatively neutral king, and united it, we may say, forever. It was a compromise that required a

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ong time to absorb inactive partisanship. For a generation he minds of men remained uncertain, still anticipating change; nd this gave an opportunistic tone to the politics of the period.

It is in painting the international scene that Mr. Trevelyan uccumbs to the frailty of patriots. There he is the dogmatic Englishman. Though the historical sense must tell him that liplomacy is a tainted thing, that governments have never obeyed he ethics they demand of their least responsible citizens, he nsists that England's hands were ever clean; that her destiny was good not alone for England but for all the world.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

Mary Baker Eddy

Mary Baker Eddy: A Life-Size Portrait. By Lyman P. Powell. The Macmillan Company. $5.

According to the Flesh: A Biography of Mary Baker Eddy. By Fleta Campbell Springer. Coward-McCann. $3.

FOR twenty years the only biography of Mrs. Eddy generally available was the pale, apologetic, goody-goody official "Life" by Miss Sibyl Wilbur—a work which seems to have made Mrs. Eddy herself squirm. It is a sad commentary on the world of authors, editors, publishers, librarians, yea, even encyclopedists, that a little body of purposeful folk held it at bay so long by the exercise of a colossal bluff. One turns with respect to the memory of the little old lady of Pleasant View and Chestnut Hill. Whatever her failings, Mary Baker Eddy had "guts."

But last year the dykes of threat and boycott burst. Scribner's published the authoritative Dakin biography, and Mrs. Springer's excellent study began running serially in the *Outlook*. After them we may expect the deluge.

The latest biography, though not "official," was projected with the connivance of the board of directors of the Mother Church. It was thought best that the book should be written "by one outside the fold." "The task fell" to the Reverend Lyman P. Powell, an Episcopal minister and a friend of Christian Science. Back in 1907 Mr. Powell wrote a different kind of book, one which expressed pretty freely the hostility which the clergy with their war cry "It is neither Christian nor scientific!" felt toward this dangerous rival of the established sects. Since that time, however, Mr. Powell has seen a great light. His story of Mrs. Eddy and his comments on her religion form together one long, glowing, sentimental tribute.

In spite of the wealth of new material which he tells us the church placed at his disposal, Mr. Powell's work is singularly free of any new facts of the slightest importance. There are a number of new anecdotes, trivial little Sunday-school stories of the kind that grow up apocryphally about the memory of every leader. Indeed, the author proves himself a very Parson Weems at this sort of thing, no cherry-tree story being too tall for him to swallow. But even these are not so incredible as the shocking omissions, the unscholarly, not to say unscrupulous, selection and treatment of the known evidence.

On the subject of the Quimby controversy he neither attacks those critics who have accused Mrs. Eddy of ingratitude and deliberate misstatement of the facts nor shows proof in defense of Mrs. Eddy. But he selects two short quotations from Quimby's son and from Dakin which would give the general reader a false impression of the attitude of these two critics. On the subject of "the fall of 1866" he quotes from Dr. Cushing's affidavit but withholds the important passages, those wherein the Doctor flatly contradicts Mrs. Eddy's statements. He deals in passing with Spofford, Kennedy, and Arens so inadequately, omitting the witchcraft trial and other matters, that the general reader would never realize the part they played in the story. He omits mention of the Frye diary and of the naive and damaging slips in the suppressed Dickey memoir. On the subject of morphine, over which there has been so much controversy, he is content to quote the authorized statement. He omits allusion to the fateful interview with the reporters at Pleasant View in 1906. The names of Mrs. Woodbury and Mrs. Stetson do not appear in his index. He makes little attempt to answer the many accusations, supported by affidavits, that appear in the Milmine biography, an invaluable source book. Except for a few vague words he leaves the subject of malicious animal magnetism strictly alone. But he contributes the opinion that "between Mrs. Eddy's discovery and Einstein's the likeness is amazing." And he can quote from one M. Louise Baum, with evident approval, "Even as the English Bible stands as the great monument of English style . . . and even as Dante made Italian speech by epitomizing it in his fervent poem, even so the writings of Mrs. Eddy are certain to stand as models of twentieth-century style."

Poor Mrs. Eddy. Someone should protect her from such sanctimonious claptrap. The lady was made of sterner stuff. She could counter-attack. She was skilled in the use of "devious ways." Close to ninety, ill, weak, she fought off her accusers. She dominated the great organization which she had erected single-handed. She penned the command, "Let there be a newspaper!" And lo! in three months and seventeen days a full-fledged daily was on the stands.

Mrs. Springer's book is sane and admirable. She softens the picture that Mr. Dakin painted. Her chapters on Mrs. Eddy's childhood and especially those on the Quimby episode and controversy seem to me to be the best that have thus far been contributed. And the later chapters make an excellent supplement to Mr. Dakin's extraordinary, exhaustive study which seems unlikely to be superseded in our time. In these two volumes one discovers anew a remarkable personage. One follows her through the years of bafflement, struggle, victory. She is surrounded by yokels. She suffers pain, poverty, ridicule, treachery. But her courage shines through her ignorance; her stiff little New England witticisms lighten the involvements of her literary style resulting from a struggle with metaphysical concepts that exceeded her grasp; her ability, ruthlessness, and daring make themselves felt through the miasma of her delusions; her gift of charming is never quite burned out by the fires of her passionate megalomania.

FRED T. MARSH

Prisoner of War

Prisoner of War: A Siberian Diary. By Edwin Erich Dwinger. Translated from the German by Ian F. D. Morrow. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

A JUST appreciation of war literature must acknowledge "Prisoner of War," though it deals with another phase of conflict, superior to "All Quiet on the Western Front"; at least, it impresses this reviewer as more authentic, more frightful in subject matter, and a far finer literary production than "All Quiet," which is to date the world's most popular war book. "Prisoner of War" is a narrative—evolved from his diary by a young German cavalryman who was wounded and taken prisoner by the Russians in 1915—of four years of imprisonment in Russia and Siberia. It opens with the moment that the author, a volunteer only seventeen years old, is struck down by the Russians at the start of a cavalry attack. On the very first page, with startling abruptness, he becomes a captive; thus the book avoids the better-known side of war, the war of open combat which has already been so frequently dealt with in literature.

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Then come horrors, a bookful of four years of horrors, the more terrible because of the unmistakable sincerity of the writer and of his literary skill. He shows us a railway journey of wounded and dying men; dressings, operations, and deaths in hospital in Moscow; a march of men weakened by wounds, by suffering, by hunger, by whippings; rides in springless wagons, painful rides on the plank bunks of cattle cars; awful incarceration in Totzkoje, which Dwinger represents as more frightful than Dostoevski's "House of the Dead"; winters and summers, summers and winters—with a change of temperature of 100 degrees between the seasons—in Siberia; utter inactivity, human stagnation, gradual physical and spiritual deterioration; death—from disease, from famine, from murder and suicide, from maltreatment and maladjustment; men turning upon each other for sexual relief, upon dogs, the dogs which later they kill and eat. Enough of horrors!

Dwinger puts down minutely, with a superb sense of literary form, his experiences, thoughts, sensations, along with those of his comrades—experiences barely credible in their frightfulness. Scenes succeed each other with neat orderliness. Conversations are woven skilfully into the fabric of the narrative. The characters stand out vividly, some close, some farther away, but all human, real. The story reads as if it had been accurately seen, genuinely felt, fairly written. Dwinger tells also of the lights, the few lights, among the vast, the innumerable shadows of the interminable four years of his imprisonment—though imprisonment seems too weak a word. The book appeals to the reviewer as a monumental work on one phase of the World War, the most harrowing of all war books he has yet read, and—even granting the good which the author has seen and shown of the Russian character (his mother was of Russian origin)—a terrific accusation against the cruelty and inhumanity of the war-time Russian nation. JAMES B. WHARTON

Books in Brief

Communist and Cooperative Colonies. By Charles Gide. Translated by Ernest F. Row. Thomas Y. Crowell. $2.50.

In this short volume Professor Gide has sought to explore the motives and actual manifestations of what he has termed "the ceaseless longing for communitarian life." He discusses the evidence at hand of communistic tendencies among animals and insects and sketches the rise and fall of notable community experiments, such as Brook Farm, Oneida, the Shaker colonies, the Mormon settlements, the socialistic Owenite, Fourierist, and Icarian colonies, the Free Society of Vaux, the Zionist colonies of Palestine, and a number of others. He attempts to analyze the factors that gave them birth and the reasons for their decline. His conclusion is that the failure of virtually all these experiments by no means proves that communistic life is impossible or impracticable. There is no attempt whatever to discuss or even to consider the larger and infinitely more important communist experiment in Soviet Russia. On the whole, Professor Gide's work is interesting and doubtless valuable for the restricted field it covers, but it is essentially without importance when looked upon in relation to the vast problems of economics and government today.

Bring 'Em Back Alive. By Frank Buck with Edward Anthony. Simon and Schuster. $3.50.

It must be fun to follow an occupation which isn't taught in correspondence schools or, say, Columbia University. One fancies that is true of Frank Buck's job, which is collecting wild animals for zoos and circuses. But now that Mr. Buck has gone and told about it we may expect to see courses in Wild-Animal Capture introduced in our best institutions of learning, whil amateurs will be sailing away to bag Bengal tigers for hom menageries which will take the place of family aquarium: The competition will not worry Mr. Buck, though, for he wil have retired on his royalties to live in a Park Avenue penthous and rewrite for newspaper syndicates his experiences in wres tling with king cobras or buying rare rhinos from Indian ma harajahs. Or probably the writing will continue to be done b Mr. Anthony, a technician who knows just the amount of wise crackery, just the pose of sophisticated mockery with whicl publishers think the public wants an adventurer to recount hi adventures. For Mr. Buck is a convert to Safety First. He writes (or Mr. Anthony seizes the idea from Mr. Buck and brings it back alive): "I take no unnecessary risks."

The Shutter of Snow. By Emily Holmes Coleman. The Viking Press. $2.50.

The publishers of this unusual and, in its field, probably valuable book describe it as "a first-hand document." It is an account of a few months spent as a patient in the psychopathic department of a State hospital. Mrs. Coleman, who relates her own experiences by employing a fictitious character and through the use of an impressionistic technique, has the advantage of being a literary woman. The book is no less graphic than it is authentic, an extremely rare achievement in the "first-hand document" school of letters, for usually we have drama at the expense of truth, or bald facts that unwittingly falsify the picture. "The Shutter of Snow" is a profoundly moving book, supplying as it does a glimpse of what a temporary derangement and its consequences may mean to the sufferer.

Music

Transcribing Bach

SHALL Bach's organ works be transcribed for orchestra, and, if so, how? To the second part of this question three musicians have unwittingly returned three masterly answers: Schönberg, by imitating closely in the orchestra the qualities and proportion of tone produced by the organ; Stokowski, by writing as he thinks Bach would write if he were living today and knew the music of Wagner and Strauss and Rimsky-Korsakoff; Respighi, in the Chorales with which Mr. Toscanini made his rentrée, by giving them an orchestral dress that resembles fairly closely that of the works Bach wrote for orchestra.

Schönberg has achieved, certainly, excellent imitations of the sound of the organ, but it is not easy to see just what is gained by these imitations. It is like the case of "Pacific 231"—no matter how much like a locomotive an orchestra may sound, it can never out-choochoo the original Pacific. The objections to the Stokowskian method are obvious, I think, and valid: to clothe Bach music with Strauss orchestration is to do both an injustice. It is not like playing "Hamlet" in everyday dress. (What is everyday orchestral dress, anyway?) It is more like rewriting Hamlet in the manner of "The Last Days of Pompeii." As to Respighi's treatment, it is harder to say much against it. No great violence is done to the Chorales, certainly.

And yet . . . it is a shock to have the simple tenderness one has read between the lines of the "Wachet Auf" made sensuous by the warmth of the Philharmonic strings. It is hard not to feel that the miraculous ornate melody of the "Nun Komm' der Heiden Heiland" has become too humanly expressive, lost something of the quiet eloquence that the more distant organ lent it.

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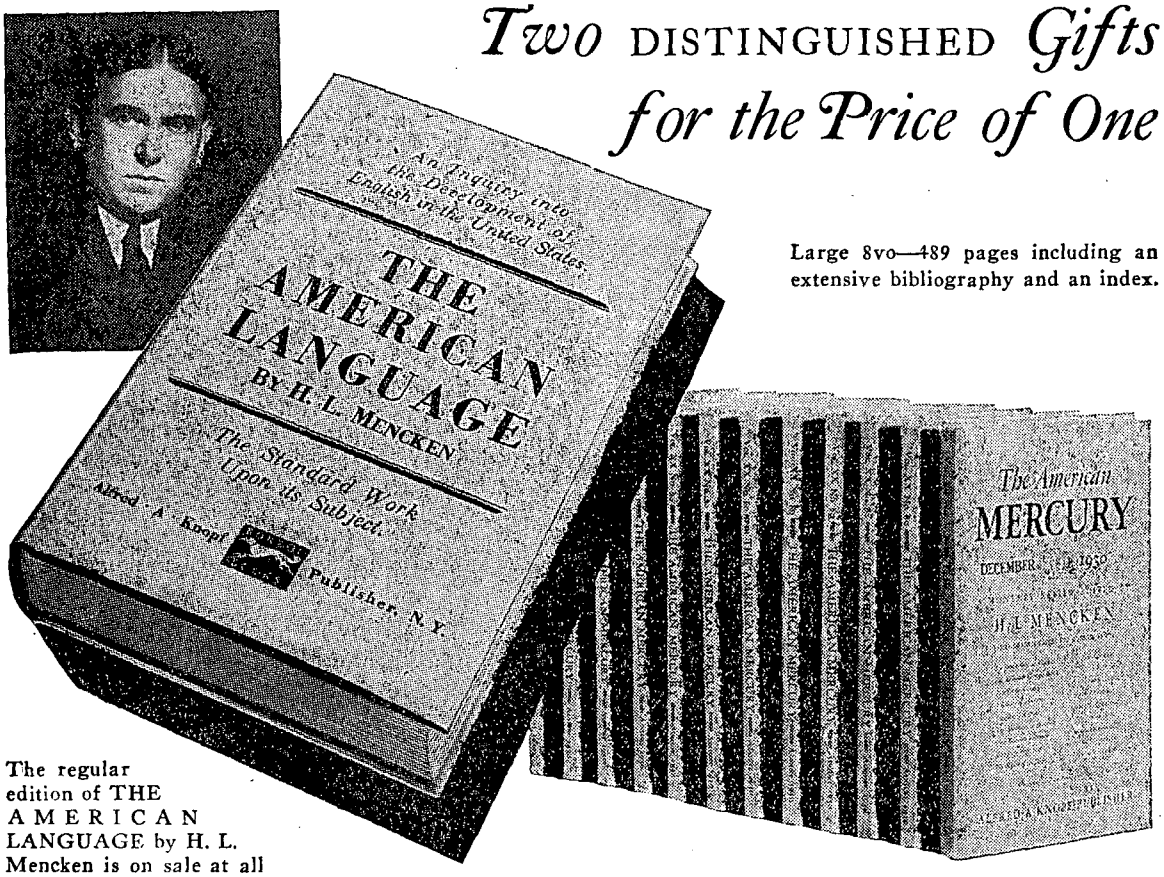

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But the more fundamental question of whether thes transcriptions should be made at all receives its answer man times a week in every city that can afford a symphony or chestra capable of playing them, and in innumerable citie that cannot. Good organists are not rare, nor is Bach ordi narily among the music they neglect. In New York an Philadelphia Mr. Lynnwood Farnam did all the Bach orga works, did them often, and did them with an eloquence tha was a sufficient, although unintentional, answer to the tran scribers. His understanding, his imagination, and his tech nical skill yielded an insight into Bach's organ music to whicl neither the orchestrators nor their interpreters would nee to add much even if they could. (Lynnwood Farnam died or November 23. His Bach recitals were to many intrinsically the most thoroughly satisfying musical experiences New York afforded, at the same time that they gave welcome relief from the noisy ballyhoo and applause of most public music-making. And Farnam's absorption in Bach's music excluded so completely from his mind any interest in his own performance, as performance, that even the few words of acknowledgment here written seem almost inappropriate.)

I do not mean to imply any objection to transcription as such. To arrange organ works for the piano, either as solos or as duets, is to make intimate knowledge of them possible for many to whom the organ is physically or technically not available. Similar transcriptions of orchestral works justify themselves even more obviously. For piano arrangements are about as close to the everyday-dress idea as one can come. By reorchestrating, as Stock has done, badly orchestrated works like Schumann symphonies, it is possible to reveal thoughts long buried in a tonal swamp. A musician looking for the first time at the "Wanderer" fantasy of Schubert would be bound to agree with Liszt that it is a composition properly for piano and orchestra.

Bach, Handel, Brahms, Liszt—all transcribed freely from one medium to another. But it is just between the organ, on the one hand, and almost any other instrument or collection of instruments—above all, stringed instruments—on the other, that transcription is not practical. To play on the organ music written for these more flexible instruments is to rob it of the plasticity it needs in performance. While to transcribe organ music is to invest with too personal an intensity what needs only a cool, clear, impersonal voice to sing its song.

ARTHUR MENDEL

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Russian "Dumping"

By LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, November 2

ON March 21, 1921, Mr. Herbert Hoover made a famous statement about the Bolsheviks. "Under their economic system," he said, "no matter how much they modify it in name, there can be no real return to production in Russia, and therefore Russia will have no considerable commodities to export and, consequently, no great ability to obtain imports." Perfect logic: no production, no exports, no imports. That was almost ten years ago. Mr. Hoover's own Department of Commerce has disproved every word he said, and the current campaign against Soviet "dumping" is the best indication that the Bolsheviks can and do produce and export, as well as import.

The first knight who sallied forth to save the fair capitalist world from Soviet exports was Sir Henri Deterding of the Royal Dutch Shell. In 1922 he organized an international boycott of "stolen" Soviet petroleum. In 1923 he purchased large quantities of the same liquid. He continued to do so in 1924, 1925, and 1926. Then Moscow raised prices, Sir Henri married a Russian "white," and the Standard Oil Company began trading with the Naphtha Syndicate. These three circumstances possessed this chemical quality: they reconverted good Soviet oil into "stolen" oil which Deterding would never, never buy. Why? Because the Bolsheviks used the proceeds from their petrol exports to combat religion. American competition in India, however, and Russian competition in England soon exerted a remarkable effect on Deterding's moral standards, and since February, 1929, he has again become a steady consumer of "stolen" oil. Now Deterding has a long line of equally consistent successors.

"Dumping!" exclaimed Philip Snowden, British Chancellor of the Exchequer, at a recent free-trade meeting in Manchester; "that word has come to be used to describe all fair and legitimate commerce between countries." At the last League of Nations Assembly, Baron Rheinbaben, the German delegate, speaking of dumping, declared that "it was not giving away a secret to say that in certain measure we are all sinners." The same issue of the London *Times* (October 4) which reported M. Briand's efforts against Soviet dumping discussed the British coal export subsidy which for years had made it possible for Yorkshire to undersell Poland and Germany in European markets. There is not a country on the face of the earth which has not indulged in dumping at one time or another.

France is the leader of the movement against Soviet exports. C. P. Bennett, a British grain dealer, gently chided the London *Times* for having been taken in by French propaganda.

> Only this year [he wrote on October 9] France did literally "dump" thousands of tons of wheat into this and neighboring countries (i.e., the French government paid a bounty of four to five pounds sterling per ton on all wheat exported), with the result that French wheat was selling in this country at shillings below the cost of production in France. As the nature of French wheat is akin to our own, this was more competitive to our farming industry even than Russia.

Investigation shows Mr. Bennett's facts correct. B hypocrisy is a virtue in politics. Indeed, wheat from R mania, whose delegate at Geneva, M. Madgearu, initiat the League discussions against Soviet grain exports, h sold at Marseilles at a lower price than Russian wheat. Y the campaign against Soviet dumping continues with i creased momentum, and several governments, including tl French, the Rumanian, and the Belgian, have adopted di criminatory restrictive measures against it.

Soviet sales to France amount to 1.35 per cent of Frenc imports. Russia does practically no business with Rumani Hungary, or Jugoslavia. Yet these march in the vanguar of the anti-Soviet dumping crusade. Mussolini does not ob ject when Italy feeds on macaroni made from Ukrainia wheat, but a few tons of Russian grain seem to threaten th very foundations of the Third Republic and especially of it vassals in Southeastern Europe.

The charge has been repeatedly made that the Bolshe viks dispose of their exports at ridiculously low prices i order to undermine the prosperity of the bourgeois world an thus hasten the advent of the world revolution. See, for in stance, a long London *Times* editorial on October 22. Th Russians are neither so foolish nor so Machiavellian. They get as much as they can for their goods—not one kopek less Soviet exports constitute 2 per cent of world trade. The charge is laughable.

The anti-dumping arguments are unworthy of serious treatment. "Nationalized" women and "stolen" oil have had their day. Now it is "dumping." The world must be entertained. Soviet exports, however, are extremely important in world affairs, and deserve careful consideration—something which the dumping cry makes almost impossible. Dumping is objectionable because it upsets price levels. But Soviet grain exports would unsettle the market even if they were sold at the same price as American, Canadian, or Australian cereals. A few figures will show exactly what has happened.

Before the war Russia was the world's biggest wheat exporter. Between 1910 and 1914, for instance, her average wheat sales to foreign lands amounted to 164,000,000 bushels, compared to 94,000,000 bushels exported by Canada, 104,000,000 by the United States, 85,000,000 by Argentina, and 49,000,000 by Australia. (See "Yearbook," United States Department of Agriculture, 1930, p. 610.) The Bolshevik Revolution revolutionized this situation, too. Russian wheat disappeared, while other nations, acting under the stimulus of high prices, increased production and exports. In 1929 Canada exported 422,000,000 bushels, the United States 163,000,000, Argentina 215,000,000, and Australia 113,000,000. Small wonder that a loud painful yell resounds across the continents when Russia begins to add her contribution to this already swollen volume of available exports. Today France is campaigning against Soviet dumping

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r political reasons, but Canada is honestly perturbed, and anley Baldwin proposes a wheat quota for Great Britain, hile a farcical performance by Secretary Hyde need not nceal the more serious aspects of Soviet competition.

If there was agricultural overproduction before the oviet Union began claiming again its natural position in the ternational grain trade, if hundreds of thousands of farms are deserting their holdings in various countries, if the anadian wheat pool and American warehouses hold tre-endous unsold reserves, what will happen with Russia exorting in ever-mounting quantities, as she should, barring ad crops, in forthcoming years? What if Russia again beomes the biggest seller of grain? Perhaps the fear of such ventualities is the real root of the "dumping" cry. Heavy oviet wheat exports struck the world at a time when huge upplies and low prices made the market especially vulnerble. Hence all the noise.

It may well be, furthermore, that some business men ee farther into the future. Russia's exports of flax and ther agricultural products, as well as of oil and lumber, re also bound to grow within the next few years. Indeed, he whole face of Soviet foreign trade may undergo transormation. Today Russia imports non-ferrous metals and hemicals, tractors and automobiles, special steels and electrical equipment. But gigantic plants rising in various sections of the country will soon cut such imports to the bone. And who will say when the Soviets may be exporting these ame articles? The entire Soviet Union boasts about 30,000 utomobiles. Yet five years, perhaps four years, from now t will manufacture 1,000,000 "Fords" annually. Some of hem will go to Persia, Afghanistan, Mongolia, Turkey, and even the Baltic states. By 1932 the purchase of foreign tracors may stop, and in 1934 Soviet tractors may be working n foreign soils. The Russians today are selling electric ulbs to Asia; tomorrow it may be electric motors. They are forcing the development of their potash deposits; they are this year producing aluminum for the first time; they want to make their own iodine. In fact, the list is endless. The revolution released the productive instincts and energies of a virile nation inhabiting one-sixth of the earth's dry surface—presumably the world's richest country in natural resources. This is what might well worry foreign nations, not dumping.

The Bolsheviks, with their usual rigid logic, and giving the capitalists credit for healthy instincts and clear vision, see in the dumping agitation the beginning of more sinister moves. They say: The rise of an industrialized Germany which disputed the commercial supremacy of well-established trading nations, particularly England, sowed the germ of one world war. Now a second Armageddon is being skilfully prepared against Communist Russia. The dumping campaign, they declare, is merely the panicky overture of a roaring symphony. It is, they add, a compliment to the past and coming successes of the Five-Year Plan for Soviet industrialization. The spectacular change from acute bread scarcity in 1927 to bread exports in 1930 has sent a shiver down the capitalists' spines, the Bolsheviks believe, and the bourgeois world is therefore taking measures to obstruct Russia's further economic progress.

All these considerations, however, are still speculation in historic futures. At present even Russia's miserable 2 per cent participation in world trade is achieved at the ex-

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pense of the people's stomachs and nerves. The Soviet Government must import machines and raw materials for the construction of its new industrial plants and for the fulfilment of the Five-Year program generally. It can pay for these goods only with the proceeds of its own exports, and since it will never default on a payment to a capitalist firm, it will go to any length to accumulate a sufficient valuta reserve abroad to settle all foreign bills. If this requires the sale of Russian butter and eggs to foreign countries at a time when these commodities are needed at home, the nation is asked to make the sacrifice. Foreign long-term credits would make such sacrifices unnecessary, and thus reduce Soviet exports. The Bolsheviks sell because they must buy. And they will buy where they can sell; hence their reprisals against those who have instituted an official embargo on Russian commodities. If the world wants Russian orders it will have to take Russian exports. No other alternative is possible.

Nor do I believe that the Soviet demand for foreign goods is likely to fall in the near future. The Bolsheviks, for inner propaganda purposes or because it pleases their vanity, assure the country that in two or three years, what with irrigation and other improvements in Turkestan and the Caucasus and with the cultivation of kendyr, a cotton substitute, they will become independent of cotton imports from America and Egypt. I doubt it. When the period of privation ends, when the nation's tremendously increased buying capacity is given free rein, and when the government possesses more money for purchases abroad, there will be no limit to cotton imports because there is no limit to the textiles which the country can consume. The same is true of many other articles. When will Russia cease needi foreign machines? If nations like Germany, France, En land, and the United States still buy technical equipme from one another, will Russia ever become self-sufficient this respect? Certainly not for decades. Germany indu trialized is a far bigger market than a backward rural Ge many. This applies with greater force to the Soviet Unio where millions still satisfy only their most primitive imm diate consumption requirements, yet where the standard living and the yearning for comforts have climbed sharp since 1917. The world stands in no danger of losing t Russian market unless by embargoes and boycotts it compe the Bolsheviks to restrict their exports.

Unfortunately, since the importance of Soviet trade not yet considerable, Soviet exports have become a politic football, and the issue is obscured. The British Conserva tives and pro-protectionists use Russian wheat as an argu ment against free trade. In the United States it serves th useful purpose of diverting attention from the fundamenta ills of agriculture. France exploits the situation to fortif its hold on its Balkan allies and to mobilize new politica support in Eastern Europe against Italy, England, and Rus sia. With the help of the anti-dumping cry Paris is engag ing in strenuous efforts to wean Hungary from Mussolini' side, to break up Rome's Greece-plus-Turkey-plus-Hungary plus-Bulgaria constellation, and to solve the problem that ha baffled French Balkan policy for a decade—the problem o Rumanian-Hungarian antagonism. When governments an parties need a lever, a scapegoat, and an excuse, and find it i Soviet "dumping," the truth about Russian exports is likel to be obscured.

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